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NAUDIN.

LADY DOROTHY GLAMIS.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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ALASKA AND ITS GAME RESOURCES

AMERICANS have recently been taking stock of the value of their assets in the matter of game in Alaska, and have come, rightly, to the conclusion that it is their bounden duty to do all in their power to maintain the stock as nearly as possible in its present condition as long as practicable. For there is little doubt that Alaska, whose area is nearly one-fifth that of the entire United States, is one of the finest and largest game areas left in the world. Its varied climate, broad rivers, innumerable lakes, dense forests and lofty mountain chains render the country an almost ideal resort; and the territory enjoys the further distinction that several of its big-game animals are larger than their representatives in almost any other part of the world, if not, indeed, in the whole world. This large bodily size and numerical abundance of the big game of Alaska compensates, to a great extent, for the small number of its species as compared with the variety in many other game countries, such as East and, in the old days, South Africa. Much of the territory lies within the Arctic Circle, and therefore includes, on the coast, the white bear and the lumbering Pacific walrus, the latter being a considerably larger animal than its cousin of the North Atlantic. In addition to these, the game of the territory includes moose (elk), caribou (reindeer), black-tailed deer, white mountain-sheep, white mountain-goats, and brown, grisly, black and glacier bears; while in addition to these there is a vast variety of water-fowl, shore-birds and upland game-birds.

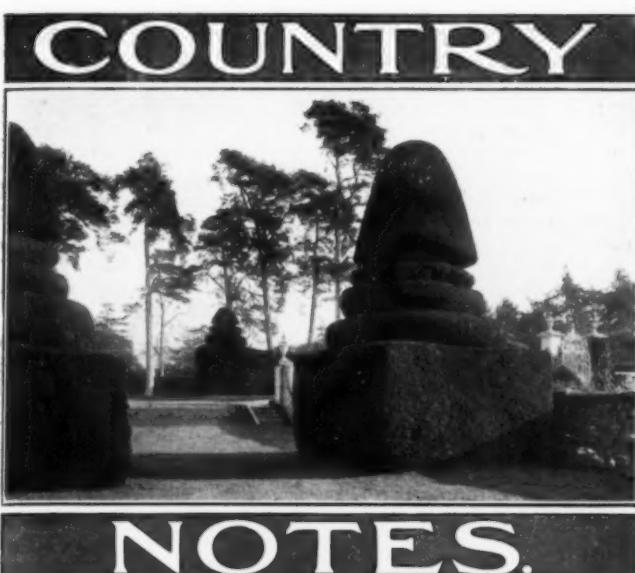
The market value of the game of the country must be enormous; and, as a matter of equity, it is apparent that the present generation has no right to arrogate this wealth to itself and make a clean sweep of the whole lot. On the contrary, the game, like that of all countries, ought to be regarded as capital, and the amount shot reckoned on the basis of interest. In

addition to its inherent value, game (as is remarked in a report on the resources of Alaska, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture) is of great pecuniary value to the country in which it is found on account of the revenue yielded by shooting licences and the money spent by sportsmen. In Alaska such considerations are of more than ordinary importance, for the development of this great northern territory will in the long run be a big strain on all its resources; and if lands unsuitable for mining or agriculture can, on account of the game by which they are tenanted, be made to yield a permanent revenue, so much the better for the country generally. To dwell on the special features of Alaskan game as a whole would be out of place on this occasion; and it must suffice to refer to a few instances, and more particularly the bears, in regard to which sportsmen are often hopelessly puzzled on account of the number of scientific names which have been given to local varieties. It may, however, first of all be mentioned that the Alaskan moose, although only a local race of the species common to North America and the Old World, is the largest member of its kind, exceeding all others in stature and spread of antler. From its American relative it is stated to differ somewhat in colour and the character of the skull, although such differences are but slight. Fine antlers frequently attain a spread of between 5ft. and 6ft., while in exceptional instances the latter dimension may be exceeded by a few inches.

More distinct is the white mountain-sheep, although it is really only a local race of the bighorn of the Rocky Mountains, which has another local representative in the mountains of Kamchatka. As regards brown bears, Alaska vies with Kamchatka in claiming the record in point of bodily size, while in the matter of local variation the representatives of this species in the former country put the rest of the world (if American naturalists be trustworthy) altogether in the shade. For our Transatlantic friends recognise no fewer than half-a-dozen representatives of the brown bear in Alaska alone. These include the Kodiak bear (*middendorffii*) of Kodiak Island, the Alaskan Peninsula bear (*gyas*), the Yakutat bear (*dalli*) from the neighbourhood of Yakutat Bay and the coast for an undetermined distance North and South, the Sitka bear (*sitkensis*) of Baranoff Island, the Admiralty bear (*ru洛phus*) of Admiralty Island and the Kidder's bear (*kidderi*) of the Alaskan Peninsula. It is, however, admitted even by Americans themselves that, with the exception of the last three, which are smaller than the others and supposed to be of uncertain relationship, all these varieties are similar in general characteristics and appearance, and that their claims to distinction are apparent only to experts. The sportsman, if not the naturalist, may therefore be forgiven for lumping them together. The brown bears come out of hibernation early, usually in spring, and as soon as the salmon begin to swarm up the Alaskan rivers, subsist entirely on such nutritious and easily obtained diet. That these bears, which a few years ago were extraordinarily numerous, will ere long become very scarce, if not extinct, is a foregone conclusion. Such formidable creatures, even though generally disinclined to attack human beings, are almost universally regarded as a menace to the safety of travellers, and therefore unworthy of protection. Already they have become scarce on Kodiak Island, where they were once so abundant; while although still fairly numerous on the Alaskan Peninsula, they are being steadily killed off at a rate probably much in excess of their increase by reproduction. On the other hand, in the dense primæval forests of the north-eastern districts, as well as on Mount Elias, they will doubtless hold their own longer. The grisly bears of Alaska, distinguished among other features by their white claws, include two varieties, namely, *Phœonyx* of the interior, and *Kenaiensis* of the Kenai Peninsula and adjacent coast districts. They spend the summer chiefly above or near the limit of forest, and are at present most numerous in the Endicott, Nutzotin and Alaskan mountains. Very interesting is the rare glacier bear (*emmousi*), inhabiting the southern slopes of the St. Elias range and neighbouring mountains from Crow Sound to the vicinity of Cape St. Elias. Although believed to live near the numerous glaciers of this district, very little is really known concerning this bear, which has never been killed by a white man, and is probably represented by less than a dozen specimens in all the museums of the world. In size and general characteristics, the glacier bear is very like the ordinary black bear, differing mainly in its silver-grey colour slightly mixed with black, with the nose brown and the feet blackish. In certain conditions of coat, a slaty or bluish effect is apparent, whence the name of "blue bear," a title belonging, however, of right to a Tibetan species.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Dorothy Glamis. Lady Dorothy is a daughter of the Duke of Leeds, and her marriage to Lord Glamis, eldest son of the Earl of Strathmore, took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on November 21st.



NOTES.

ON Tuesday last Queen Alexandra celebrated her sixty-fourth birthday in the quiet and simple manner which is characteristic of her. It is now forty-five years since she came to this country to become the wife of our present King, and in that period she has wound herself more closely into the affections of the English people than any other Queen or Princess has done. It is a long time for her to have been in England, and many changes have been witnessed in it, but there never has been any change in the affectionate loyalty with which she has been regarded, first as Princess of Wales and then as Queen of England. Her Majesty has ever reflected the best of English life, and there are not any of her subjects living who will not wish her from their hearts many happy returns of the day.

Nothing but satisfaction can be felt at the intelligence that an agreement has been signed between Japan and the United States. It has long been recognised that one of the menaces to the peace of the world lay in certain conflicting interests between these Powers in the Far East. On the Continent, indeed, it has been more than hinted that complications would arise which would compel the United States to take up a hostile attitude to Great Britain on account of our alliance with Japan. This danger—if it ever existed except in the minds of those who are always wishing to embroil Great Britain—has been to a great extent removed by the new agreement. Under the fostering power of the Alliance it ought to be possible to lessen the friction which has shown itself more than once during recent years, not between the United States and Japan, but between the citizens of the two Powers. The announcement has received a particular welcome in Russia, which country also, it is understood, has come to an understanding with her recent antagonist.

Since that fatal Christmas about a quarter of a century ago when the world was startled to find that the new-made Tay Bridge had collapsed on a windy night with a passenger train halfway over it, we in this country have felt it a duty to be extremely vigilant in regard to the building of bridges. On that account, if for no other reason, we should feel a very great deal of sympathy with the Americans, who, as explained by an engineering correspondent of *The Times* of Wednesday, December 2nd, have had to contemplate the failure of two of the greatest cantilever bridges of their Continent, namely, that over the St. Lawrence River near Quebec, and that over the East River of New York City, two piers of which stand on Blackwells Island. It is fortunate that the weaknesses of the two bridges were discovered at so early a date. That a great cantilever bridge can be built successfully is proved by the magnificent one over the Forth, the spans of which are only 90ft. less than the Quebec spans and 5ft. longer than the Queenboro' spans.

A well-known figure passes out of the agricultural world with the death of Mr. John Thornton, the famous livestock auctioneer. He was not a very old man, only sixty-eight, but the strenuousness of his life had for some years past begun to tell on his constitution. How assiduous he was in attention to duty may be judged from the fact that from the day on which he held his first sale in December, 1868, until October 29th, 1903, when he was seized with illness, he never missed an appointment. If we remember that his sales of pedigree stock were conducted in the open air, the feat will appear all the more remarkable. Mr. Thornton was far more than an auctioneer;

he understood the various breeds of cattle better perhaps than any other living man. He took a great part in the formation of the Shorthorn Society, was secretary of the English Jersey Cattle Society and a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society. In establishing the English Herd Book of Jersey Cattle he was prominently associated with Sir Walter Gilbey. Mr. Thornton was known all the world over, and in 1900 the French Government conferred on him the distinction of the Order du Mérite Agricole. It may be remembered that in 1904 members of the various breed societies presented him with a portrait painted by Mr. A. S. Cope, and that the late Sir Nigel Kingscote unveiled this portrait at the Shorthorn Breeders' Dinner in 1905.

If we are to judge from the speech which Mr. Thornton made in acknowledging the gift, his reminiscences would form entertaining reading. His memory went back to the year 1851, when beef was from 4d. to 6d. a pound, and the shorthorn sales brought in an average of £19 9s. 9d. Two years later Lord Duncie's herd was sold at an average of £151, and in 1867 that of Mr. Bates for £180. He told of that great event of his career, the selling of Lord Dunmore's bull, Duke of Connaught, for 4,500 guineas, and of the selling of Mr. Torr's herd of eighty-four head for £43,000, at an average of £510. Then reaction set in with the depression which began in 1870, and his rapid survey of the last forty years showed the ups and downs to which pedigree breeding is exposed. Mr. Thornton deserves that his life should be written. He was the first in his own line—one of the greatest of English livestock auctioneers.

PASSERS-BY.

Three souls upon the upward road I met,
An old and foolish man, with shoulders bent,
Who being blind tapped softly as he went,
Yet smiled, and lo, the world was in his debt.

And later on a mother, young in years,
But old in love, whose shining eyes confessed
How Very Joy, grown warm against her breast,
Had hid there all his easy, infant tears.

And last a little maid, with footsteps gay,
Who looked on me with solemn, speedwell eyes,
Then turned again a rosy cheek and wise,
And singing to herself, went on her way.

I heard the blind man mutter, "God is good,"
The mother knew it, though she asked not why,
The little maid was happy; bye and bye
She, too, should own His gentle Fatherhood.

"Yet ah, with what poor wit would these three fools
Whose hearts are sure," I said, "that life is sweet,
Acquit themselves should they be brought to meet
The pale tribunal of the warring schools?

How, knowing naught of anguish'd mind and soul,
They would behold, with wonder in their eyes,
The tumult of these sad philosophies,
And blush to find themselves were at the goal."

H. H. BASHFORD.

This year Lord Carrington proposes to continue the excellent practice of being "at home" to farmers during the continuance of the Smithfield Show. He will keep open house at 4, Whitehall Place on Tuesday and Thursday, December 8th and 10th, from 12 to 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. He points out that it is not possible for him to accept many of the invitations he receives to attend agricultural gatherings in different parts of the country, and he hopes that farmers who are in London for the Cattle Show and who desire to see him will call on the days mentioned. Nothing could tend more to a good understanding between those who are engaged in the practical work of farming and the Minister responsible to Parliament for the agricultural interest than meetings of this quiet and informal character. They have the advantage over the ordinary meeting that at them it is easy to ask and answer questions. When a speech only is delivered, it must inevitably happen in many cases that the speaker omits to touch upon the subjects that are of most immediate interest to his hearers. Lord Carrington will have an opportunity of meeting his friends in both ways, as, besides being "at home" at the time mentioned, he is engaged to go to the show on December 7th, and be present at the annual dinner of the Farmers' Club at the Central Chamber of Agriculture on Tuesday, December 8th.

Occurring as it does very late in the year, Lord Tredegar's show had the good fortune to be held in dry weather. It was an excellent exhibition, the entries of Herefords and Shorthorns alone amounting to 178, and the quality of the animals was noteworthy. But in this case, far more valuable than the prize-winning is the stimulus which the show gives to agriculture in the neighbourhood. The people of South Wales have many

reasons for gratitude to Lord Tredegar. He is assisting agriculture in many different ways, particularly by encouraging the breeding of Shire horses as part of the ordinary farm stock. Its effects are seen in a vast improvement made in the working stock of the farmers. He has been equally serviceable in demonstrating to his tenants the advantage of keeping pedigree cattle on the farm. It is very appropriate, therefore, that we should, on the occasion of his annual show, give Tredegar Park as our "Country Home" this week. In itself it is eminently worthy of attention, but it has a particular interest just now as showing the personal surroundings of a landlord whose constant efforts towards the improvement of the conditions of his tenants are untiring and intelligent.

It is given to few societies to celebrate a two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, but that period of time has elapsed since the day when King Charles sent two does for the first dinner of the Royal Society. The meeting the other night was remarkable in various ways, but perhaps the most notable pronouncement made was that of Lord Rayleigh on flying machines. The retiring president remarked that he had long leaned to the opinion that flight was possible as a feat, but he warned his hearers that it did not follow that it would be possible for the purposes of daily life. He dwelt on the fact that the difficulties must increase with the scale of the machines, and therefore discouraged the idea that a regular service over the ocean will ever be conducted by flying machines, though they may have useful special purposes, such as those of exploration. There is no one in England better qualified to give an opinion than Lord Rayleigh, and what he has said will, no doubt, receive its due weight. His successor as president is Sir Archibald Geikie—no unworthy addition to the roll of great men who have held that office.

Two years ago the War Office started a scheme for the training of soldiers in various trades, and a few days ago a report was issued showing the progress that had been made. It appears that about 3,000 soldiers have been trained in various occupations and handicrafts; but that represents only about half of the number that entered, as it would appear that it is a feature common to every command that a considerable number give it up before the course is completed. It is suggested by the Commanding Officer in the Eastern District that the State should accept the liability of sending back the soldiers to civil life fully equipped to earn their livelihood in ordinary occupations. That is very true, but technical instruction is not needed for all the callings that are followed by ex-soldiers. The largest number of those that are returned as having found occupation are waiters, grooms and servants. Next in popularity comes the calling of chauffeur, for which, of course, technical instruction is required. Going down the list, the callings appear in the following order: Carpenters, gardeners, typists, shorthand writers, bootmakers, book-keepers and clerks. The Northern Commanding Committee estimate that 75 per cent. of the Reservists get into employment quite easily and take their place in civil life, 5 per cent. seem to be unfitted for regular employment, and about 20 per cent. find it difficult to obtain work, and are very likely to profit by instruction.

Light is thrown on the habits of business men in the City by a request issued by the Postmaster-General. It is that those who are in the habit of sending many letters would take advantage of the despatches throughout the day. Instead of doing this, they generally reserve all their correspondence for the collection at six o'clock. In the City the number of letters posted between half-past twelve and five o'clock in the evening is about 300,000, and a similar number is posted between six o'clock and eight o'clock; but for the two collections at half-past five and six o'clock no fewer than 700,000 letters and packages are posted, which works out at about 23,000 letters a minute. Hence arises a congestion which occasionally leads to delay. One can easily see how it occurs. Letters in an office are usually being written during the course of the day, but they are kept back for signature until just before the evening train is to be caught homeward, and hence the great bundles that are carried to the post about six o'clock. When attention has been directed to the point, it may in many places be found easy to send the letters as they are written to meet the various despatches that occur throughout the day, and so avoid the inconvenience of this crush.

A correspondent to whom we addressed an enquiry as to the proposed addition of a porch to the north entrance of Romsey Abbey, writes as follows: "On Friday last (27th inst.) the Chancellor granted the faculty applied for by the vicar of Romsey for the erection of the porch. It is a most disastrous verdict, as the building of this monstrous thing will for ever ruin the north side of the church and destroy its beautiful proportions. The lawyer wrote that the Chancellor stated in Court that 'he had consulted the bishop on the matter, and the bishop thought the faculty should be granted; accordingly

he gave leave to the vicar and churchwardens to erect the porch. The matter was postponed from October 23rd *sine die*, from which we hoped greatly that the faculty would be refused; but on November 27th, when it was decided, the Chancellor read letters from Mr. Caroe (the architect) strongly in favour of it (he had designed it, so was not an impartial witness) and also from Mr. Jackson, diocesan architect. The Chancellor promised on July 31st, when he held his first court, to refer the matter to experts, not only to the bishop, but to antiquaries, archaeologists and experts in ancient architecture, and to deal with it as a national monument. We cannot feel this has been done, and it is little short of a crime to allow this modern piece of masonry to be added to our venerable old abbey, but I fear nothing but a miracle can stop it now."

It is slightly startling to those who are about to cross the ocean to America to read of an iceberg fifty miles long, reported by the steamship *Dee*, which has just arrived in Queenstown. The striking effect is in no way diminished by the further statement that it was only one of about a hundred which were seen. A little further and careful inspection of the report, however, brings comfort, for it reveals that this monstrous berg was not in the Atlantic, but in latitude about 49° S. and, therefore, in spite of its dimensions, not likely to be a danger to any ships in the Northern Hemisphere. Even if we make allowance for some probable exaggeration and looseness of description, the apparent size is rather appalling, especially when we remember that the volume of an iceberg visible above the water is said to be only a ninth of the volume submerged. In this instance the height of the fraction above the sea is stated at from 200ft. to 250ft.

NOX INCUBAT ATRA.

Late evening in the woods between Langebrück and Klotzsche.

Deep silence broods; weird shadows lie
Upon the snow-besprinkled ground;
A weary zephyr brushes by,—
Its kiss, and not another sound!
Yes, hark! A stocklove's heavy flight,
And, answering his master's shout,
A watchdog bays into the night;
Then far above the dark firs' height
A lonely pensive star looks out.
Grey are the mists that lightly float
Above each slowly fading flow'r;
Still grey the depths where yonder boat
Sleeps idly 'neath its greenwood bow'r.
Soft grey the clouds, clear grey the skies,
Most grey of all the forest deep;
All grey,—save where a moonbeam flies
Between the pines, and twinkling eyes
Of silv'ry starworlds shyly peep.
'Tis here I stand; while far and wide
Faint mystic whisperings I hear,
And watch the shadows as they glide,—
No other living soul is near!
Yet never less alone was I,
For round me pressing is a throng
Of Hopes and Joys; Thoughts hustle by;
All filled with faces is the sky;
And Night is Day, and Silence Song!

CLEMENT M. RICKETTS.

The season for salmon-fishing has been none too good in Scotland, partly because there has been at times too much water in the rivers, and partly because at other times there has not been enough. In the Irish rivers, as a rule, the salmon-fishing has been certainly not as satisfactory as in Scotland. In Ireland, however, besides the trouble of the too much or the too little water under which Scotland suffered, it is reported that even when all was in favour of the Irish salmon there did not seem to be many of them disposed to come up the rivers. The case was very different in Scotland, where there were said to be plenty of fish in the country, though the angler was not able to account for very many of them; but the difference between the abundance of the salmon in Scotland and their remarkable paucity in Ireland is only a piece of evidence, in addition to many others, that the ways of the fish are entirely beyond our present knowledge.

Students of meteorology have by means of statistics come to the conclusion that a fine dry autumn is almost invariably followed by an unusually good crop of wheat. Even if this were not established by statistics, it would commend itself to reason. During a soft, but warm, autumn the plants appear to make great headway, but owing to the superabundance of water they have more growth than strength and weaken when the hard weather comes. On the other hand, if the autumn be both dry and warm, the young plants, though they may not make so much apparent progress, grow strong and sturdy, and are in the condition to take full advantage of the spring sunshine when it comes to them.

In some of the hedges in those parts of the country where the wild clematis grows kindly, which are generally in the neighbourhood of the Downs, with a suspicion of chalk in the soil, that vigorous climber is still wearing the venerable hirsute appendages that have earned it its name of "old man's beard." Their fine appearance may well suggest to us whether we make enough use of this indigenous clematis for garden adornment. It can hardly be said that it is a more hardy or active climber than its cousin *montana*, which is the variety, and a very beautiful one, most often seen in gardens. It would be difficult for it to show greater vigour. But it is at least equally energetic in growth, it flowers at quite a different season from *montana*, so can be used to fill up a gap of blossom; its flowers, if individually less handsome, make almost as striking a mass, and finally, in addition, it has the quality of draping the pergola, lattice, or whatever support may be chosen for its climbing, with the fantastic beards right through the autumn till actual winter. There is much to be said for it.

It is a little difficult to credit the figures of the report coming by Reuter's agency from Mombasa, to the effect that, in consequence of the Congo ceasing to administer the affairs of the Lado Enclave, elephant-hunting is proceeding on such a vast scale that no less than 8,000 elephants are hemmed in. Unless on the generous principle of the Irishman in the Crimean War, who reported himself as having "surrounded" three Russians, it is difficult to reckon, within reasonable numbers, the size of the human army which would be required to "hem in" so vast

an elephantine herd. The report adds that the hunters are shooting all the males, allowing us to draw the inference, satisfactory so far as it goes that those which are not ivory bearers are being spared. Four hunters are said to have come into Entebbe with £5,000 worth of ivory as the proceeds of a four months' trip. Even with a reasonable discount, these accounts imply a slaughter which recalls some of the rather sickening stories of the old days of ivory-hunting, when the elephants were much more numerous. But they do not promise much in the way of maintenance of the stock.

Year by year we are importing more and more of the fruits of other parts of the world into this country, and year by year a greater acreage in Great Britain itself is being planted with fruit-bearing trees and plants. It is curious that in America a distinctly increased demand for fruit has been noticed within the last year or two, and is ascribed in the first instance to the growth of the temperance movement. It appears that as a man loses the taste for the acquired habit of taking alcohol, or, at least, refrains from gratifying it, so he encourages the more natural and primitive appetite for fresh fruit. It may be the case in this country also, which is certainly becoming more sober than it used to be, that the growing demand for fruit is not unconnected with a cause similar to that assigned for it in the United States. Another reason may be that modern England is also becoming less carnivorous. The round of beef is no more regarded as a fashionable breakfast dish in these days than the tankard of beer as providing the appropriate beverage for the first meal of the day.

YORK AND ITS NEW ARCHBISHOP.

THE promotion of the Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang from the Suffragan-Bishopric of Stepney to the Arch-bishopric of York marks what may, without undue exaggeration, be described as a new era in the history of the English Church. It is an appointment which has been greeted with universal approval from those who have

the best interests of the Church at heart, without distinction of party. Only the incorrigible political set have been heard to grumble, and the fact that their grumbling has been hopelessly drowned in the general applause shows that the times are now, to all intents and purposes, over when the religious, moral and social questions involved in such an



F. H. Evans.

INTERIOR OF CHAPTER HOUSE: YORK MINSTER.

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appointment were subordinated to political or, to put it more accurately, to party considerations. Churches have the bishops that they deserve.

The progress of democracy in England, which is a convenient way of describing what would be perhaps more

improvement is due to the sturdy determination to achieve self-betterment displayed by the people themselves. Their efforts have been vigorously helped by a clergy which, during the last two or three decades, has devoted much energy to labour in the slums. Many young men with a highly promising career before them have surrendered their ambitious hopes in order to labour quietly among those classes whom it was once the fashion to call "the submerged tenth."

In all this the Bishop of Stepney was a conspicuous leader, and his translation to the Archbishopric of York—following that of Dr. Ingram to the Metropolitan See of London—reflects great credit upon those in whose hands is the patronage of the day. Mr. Asquith has been frankly congratulated on every side at the choice he has made, although he has set precedent at defiance. Yet Dr. Lang is a personage to justify a departure from the usual routine. In the work he has done at Oxford, at Portsea and in Stepney he has shown the same characteristics of a shrewd and clear judgment and devotion to the cause in hand. Nor was this unexpected from a man of his antecedents. He is one of the well-known family of the same name who belong to the southern part of Scotland. A curious fact about him is that, although as the son of a minister of the Established Church of Scotland he might have been expected to confine his career to that body, it is in the Church of England that he has won his well-merited distinction. His academic career lay along a well-trodden path. He came from Glasgow to Oxford with the recommendation of his Balliol scholarship—the beginning of many a distinguished career—and in Oxford his character was soon felt. He was elected President of the Union without opposition, which had not occurred, in the case of any of his predecessors, for half a century. There with the energy and vigour proper to youth, he aired his opinions on social questions, and showed undoubted indications of that strength of mind which was later to stand him in good stead. When he left Oxford, he appears to have been in some doubt as to the path by which he would choose to advance. Had his choice been politics, it is understood that more than one constituency would have been at his disposal. He was in those days attracted by the Bar, but after a brief course of study at the Middle Temple, he decided to enter the Church, and since then his career—culminating in his appointment to the Archbishopric of York—has been a story of devotion



S. G. Kimber.

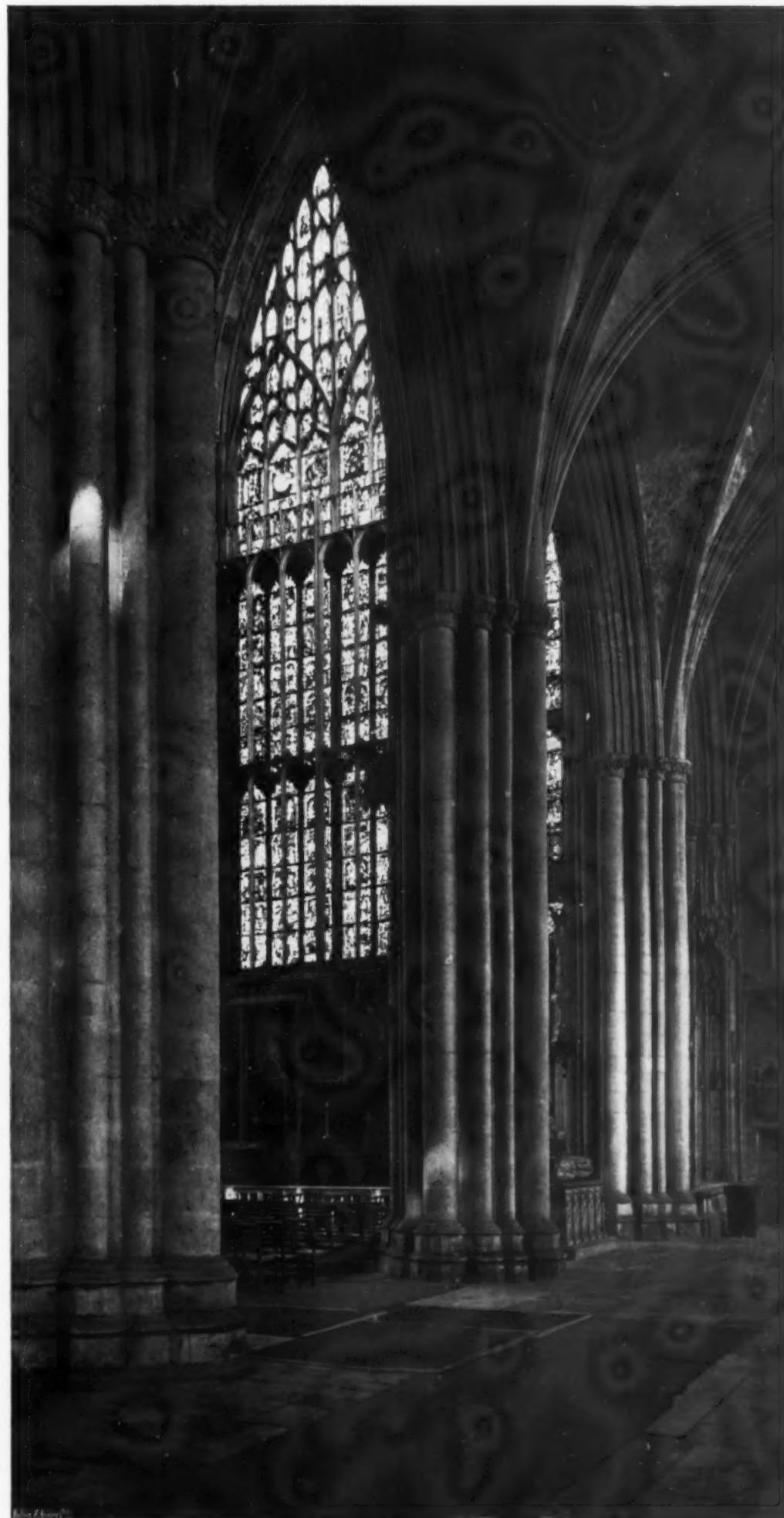
IN THE NAVE.

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precisely defined as the developing of the humane spirit in the Christian sense, not only owes a great deal to the Church, but has enormously reacted upon it. In spite of the pessimists, one must admit that human life in England, in the vast cities especially, is an infinitely more beautiful and desirable thing than it was fifty or even twenty years ago. Much of this

to the cause of Christian democracy. Like his predecessor in the Suffragan See of Stepney, he was exceedingly interested in the social questions and those that lie adjacent to them. He took pains to understand not only the material conditions of the poor, but their homes and method of living. He founded many organisations for the social betterment of the East End toilers;

but his name is chiefly associated with the Church of England Men's Society, which he brought into being. He also revivified and increased the usefulness of the East London Church Funds. This it is that constitutes the extraordinary contrast which he must now experience. In the East End of London he came so closely into contact with what is sordid and miserable in human life that he might have been pardoned had he forgotten the more solemn and beautiful life which is connected with the great minsters of the country. The East End of London may have a glamour, but it requires much imagination to realise it. It lies in the development of rare virtues and fine characters amid conditions of the most degraded character. But the stately Minster of York, of which to-day we show some illustrations recently taken by Mr. Evans, reveals a very different side of ecclesiastical activity. In the East End of London are the lowly overcrowded dens in which the poor live; in York Minster we behold an example of architecture as noble as anything that has been produced in this country. It is impossible to look at those vast aisles and transepts, with their high-vaulted roofs and exquisite columns springing up like pure jets of stone to invisible heights, without going back in imagination to those mediaeval times of rich pomp and ceremonial for which the Minster was originally built. We know without there being any need to enumerate them again the various dumb symbols by which the early Church taught the congregations to realise the facts connected with their religion. The simplest of them was the painted window designed to teach them the story of Christ's life and death. But the artists who made them, whether out of inspiration or some other cause, produced something far beyond the original intent, and age has dealt kindly with the fruit of their labours. The shape of the church was that of a cross, the high arches were like rows of hands folded in prayer, and it must surely be admitted that, although much has changed in the intervening centuries, the spirit of those old times, though it may have deserted other parts of the country, still lingers in York and in structures kindred to this. The Archbishop now will be confronted with religion in its most majestic aspect. Yet there will be room and to spare for work of the kind to which he has been accustomed. His predecessor, Dr. MacLagan, in his last diocesan letter says: "The Bishop of Stepney has already won for himself a remarkable position. He will find himself at home in all our



P. H. EVANS.

"WITH ANTIQUE PILLARS MASSY-PROOF,
AND STORIED WINDOWS RICHLY DIGHT."

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large towns, and I trust he will keep a warm corner in his heart for our country villages, which have always been dear to me. I cannot doubt that every one of you will share in some degree the great thankfulness with which I heard of the selection of my successor." As Ruskin used to insist, the bishop is the overseer of the flock, and the archbishop is the overseer of the bishops. These are not times when the dignitaries of the Church can afford to sit with idle hands within and without the Church. There are urgent demands for the most tactful action and the best-considered thought. But Dr. Lang enters on his new career with every promise of adding lustre to the great office to which he has been appointed. However, his own alert and vigorous temperament will encounter men of a very similar description in the land to which he is going. It is almost proverbial that the rugged and sterling Yorkshiremen are among

the sturdiest of the English race, and what is true of Yorkshire itself will apply with equal truth to the adjoining counties. In fact, the further north you go, the sterner and stronger becomes the race. Only, as far as that goes, Dr. Lang is not only like them, but he is even of their blood.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON.

THE non-Etonian, looking at the photographs of the great match that takes place annually at the Wall between Collegers and Oppidans, might imagine himself transported into the midst of an American University match. That swaying, fighting mass against the wall looks bloodthirsty enough for anything; it also looks extremely complicated and perfectly inexplicable. It is in truth a curious game, and to the initiated spectator it appears a wonderfully dull one. There are blasphemous persons, even among Etonians, who will tell you that the game is only kept alive by the one great traditional contest upon St. Andrew's Day; but those who play in the bully, and know the ins and outs of this most scientific form of prize-fight, aver that it is the finest game in the world. The first thing that strikes the observer is that here is football in its natural and primeval state, stripped of artificial embellishments. The wall was not carefully erected for the game, nor was the ancient elm which constitutes the goal at the "bad calx" end grown for that purpose; the game must have been invented to suit the wall and the tree, just as those peculiar features of Eton fives, the step and the pepper-box, spring from the conformation of the buttresses outside Eton chapel, against which lower boys may be seen playing fives to this day. The entire apparatus of the game consists of this high brick wall, some 120yds. in length, and the two goals—the one a portion of the elm tree's trunk marked out with white chalk lines, the other an ancient doorway in a wall that runs at right angles to the wall. These goals are both situated outside the arena proper, and that brings us to another curious feature of the game, namely, the extraordinary narrowness of the field of play, which consists of a strip of turf some 7yds. or 8yds. wide. Now let the uninitiated spectator watch the beginning of the game, the formation of the first bully, which he will feel inclined to call the scrummage. There are eleven players on each side, of whom three are termed "walls"; they are arrayed in sweaters having backs and elbows padded with heavy canvas, for they have to bear the heat and burden of the day in shoving against the wall. On their heads they wear caps to protect their ears, such as may be seen in the photograph of the keeper of College Wall; he, however, is a "second" and not a "wall," and so only wears the wall cap.



F. H. EVANS.

"THE SPIRIT OF ANTIQUITY ENSHRINED
IN SUMPTUOUS BUILDING."

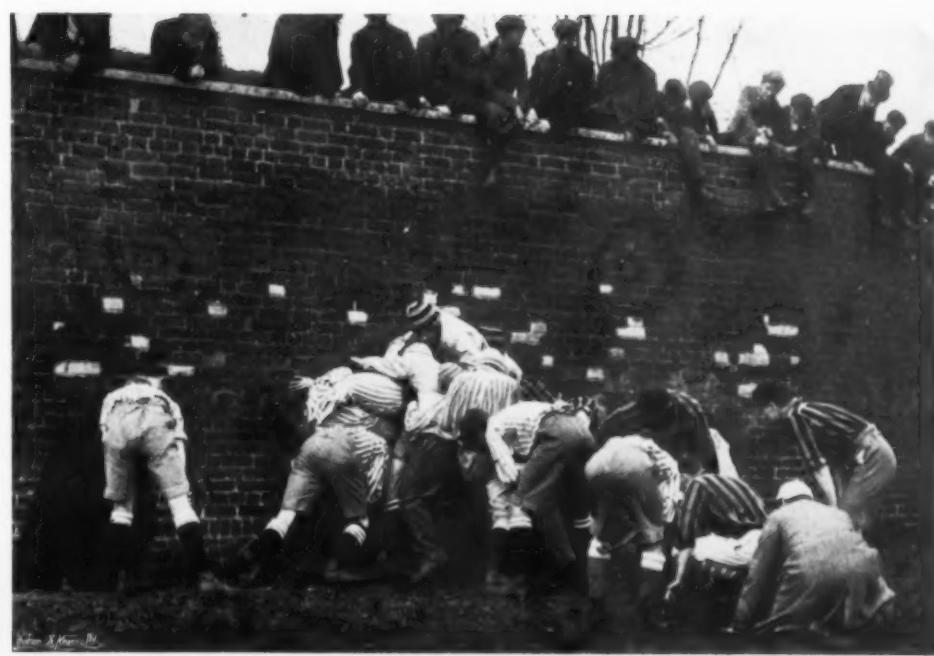
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and not the wall "sack." There are two of these "seconds"; they are usually of the bulldog type, of which Rugby half-backs are made, and their place is in the heart of the bully on the top of the ball, rather than actually against the wall. Here, then, we have the three "walls" on either side formed up in serried phalanx against the wall; nestling close to them are the "seconds," and these eight players constitute the bully. Between the bully and the boundary line are three outsides, by name "third," "fourth" and "line." And behind the bully is another series of three "behinds," called respectively "flying man" "long" and "goals." Now the ball is put into the bully, and forthwith there begins a prodigious pushing and struggling, the "walls" trying to push each other's heads away from the wall at so painful an angle



MR. PRIOR, KEEPER OF COLLEGE WALL.

therefore a long kick "into touch" (to lapse into Rugby phraseology) gains much ground. Sometimes but little ground is gained, and the bully remains obstinately stationary; but if he is to see anything really exciting, our spectator must see the play in calx; and so we will imagine that the ball is kicked into good or bad calx. Calx is a small portion at either end of the wall marked off by a broad white chalk line—whence its name—and when once the bully gets into calx it is formed up in a new and terrifically complicated manner. He whom we formerly knew as a "wall" may now become a "getter" or a "stopper," while a "second" is translated into a getting or a stopping "furker." Volumes would be insufficient to explain these terms; it must suffice to describe shortly the object of the attacking side.



H. W. Nicholls.

COLLEGER v. OPPIDANS.

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as to render them temporarily impotent, while the "seconds" attempt to kneel on the ball or turn it out to their outsides according as policy may dictate. Soon the ball comes out and everybody kicks at it madly and simultaneously; it is kicked out over the boundary line, and the defending side promptly rush out to stop it, while the attacking side try to prevent their doing so, the point of this manœuvre being that opposite the spot where the ball is stopped the new bully will be formed, and

When the ball is put into the bully the attacking or "getting" furker attempts to rake the ball out of the bully; then with the assistance of an ally he raises the ball against the wall on his foot, touches it with his hand and cries "got it." If he does this successfully he scores a "shy," that is to say, the right to have a shot at the goal—in short, a shy corresponds very roughly to a "try" at Rugby football. One goal is worth more than any number of shies; but a goal is seldom obtained, for the door and the elm tree constitute but small marks, which are always so securely guarded by the defending side as to be practically impregnable, and a majority of shies wins the match. In the match on Monday last College obtained one shy, and, after that, succeeded in keeping the ball tight in the bully, and the Oppidans out of calx, so that they won by one shy to nothing. It is always a glorious thing for College to win, for there are but seventy Collegers in all, and over 900 Oppidans. Collegers, however, are bred up to the wall game from their earliest youth, while Oppidans only take to it in comparatively later life. The Wall game is a great and sacred mystery, and it will shock old Etonians of an elder generation to see the boys on the wall—some of them, of course, are not Eton boys—clad in mere caps. Formerly it was essential to attend so important a function in tall hats, and, indeed, that rather formal headgear seems better to befit so thrilling an occasion.



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THE CHRONICLES OF THE HOUGHTON FISHING CLUB.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is a man of varied accomplishment. It does not seem to matter whether he throws his fly over the annals of Wellington in the Peninsula, of Mr. Creevy in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, or the Chronicles of the Houghton Fishing Club, 1822—1908 (Edward Arnold), he always seems to get a good rise. He is likewise a very fortunate person, for seldom does it happen to any man of letters to cast into such promising waters. This, to be sure, is a tribute to his own merit as a fisherman and artist of that gentle craft wherein so much depends on knowing where the good fish lie. Certainly there were remarkably fine fish, for the editor's net, in that Houghton Fishing Club, whatever we are to think of the fish in the river, which that old muzzle-loading sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, condemned utterly, both because he could not catch them and also because he could not eat them, so insipid were they, when caught. That is going back a good long way. But then the annals of the Houghton Club go back a long way too—to 1822. As a fellowship of gentlemen the club was peculiarly lucky. Its restricted membership was composed of gentlemen in the first place—that may or may not have been easy to arrange—but what is extremely rare is to find a company, even though restricted, in whose members was so much of the qualities of wit, humour and good-fellowship. That is where the club and its editor have been so supremely fortunate. It was the happiest of clubs ever since its conception—no one reading these pages can doubt that; but still less can the reader suggest on that account that its annals are for a moment dull. A great part of this book is made of the diaries of the club—that is to say, of notes written into the club book, which was kept for that purpose, by members to record their day's sport and anything that could conceivably be hung upon it as a peg. The hangings, as a rule, are much more interesting than the pegs. There are some natural history notes after Sir Herbert Maxwell's own heart, notices of the dates of arrival of different migratory birds in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge, which the meetings of the members at the dates of the rising of the grannom (there used to be grannom on the Test in the early days of the club's story), and of the May-fly, gave them every opportunity for remarking. Of two days which are almost consecutive it is noted, curiously enough, that on the first of them one member caught three swifts (all in that single day) on the Red Spinner, and on the second day a member hooked a dabchick, under water, and played it for a while under the impression that he was into a trout. There are several notices of members finding a mouse, or the remains of a mouse, in the stomach of a trout. Any curious circumstance, or any humorous circumstance, is noted, and this, added to the strictly fishing record, is what makes this book so good, so human. Its composition is, as to some 250 of its

pages, "Extracts from the Journal of the Houghton Fishing Club," with a note or two of elucidation or comment thrown in by the editor. Nearly 100 pages are occupied with "Angling Memories and Maxims" by Mr. Edward Barnard, one of the oldest members of the club, and in a modest introduction of twelve pages or less Sir Herbert Maxwell's own words are read. The only part which we might have wished left out is the latter half or so of Mr. Barnard's contribution, chiefly concerned with what was then known of the life history of the chief food of the trout and grayling. Our present state of imperfect knowledge has left all that behind. The first anecdotal half is good enough to stand without the editorial gentle apology which is made for its inclusion, and its illustrations by the author have much of the quality of Thackeray's illustrations of his own characters and scenes. There is one man, and Sir Herbert Maxwell might have named him with a higher accent, whose spirit, if the present writer is any judge of the matter, has leavened, in the most happy manner, the whole lump of this club in its outlook on angling as a whole—an affair of good comradeship, not too serious for a joke, yet a cultured affair in which no vulgar horse-play of the wits was permissible. The humour must have the Attic piquancy. This was Mr. Richard Penn. His fellow-



*Fall of Horning
Full of Hope & Confidence*

EDWARD BARNARD.

By Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

members appreciated him. Here is a stanza from their meeting song:

For skill, there's old Barney would sham' him (Isaac Walton),
For three fish to one he would kill:
And for dry wit and humour who'd name him
Beside of our own Grey Goose Quill?

Now, for what reason remains to seek, the Grey Goose Quill is the nick—or perhaps, the pen—name of Mr. Richard Penn, and assuredly for "dry wit and humour" no man who has read his "Maxims and Hints for Anglers and Chess-players," which Mr. John Murray published as long ago as 1833, would put the imitable Isaac in competition with him. These maxims themselves were first written in and taken from the commonplace book of the club, and we might well have been allowed to see more of them, especially of the highly humorous "Miseries of Fishing," instead of the disquisition, to which reference has been made, on the ephemerae. This old book of Mr. Penn's was illustrated very finely and humorously by Sir Francis Chantrey, and we have many specimens of the same delicate and witty draughtsmanship in this larger volume, wherein is included much of Mr. Penn's older and smaller book. There are also illustrations by Turner, Landseer, Sir Francis Grant and others of note, and we may invite particular attention to the coloured picture of the tent of the club, on the borders of the river, by the late Mr. Martin Ridley Smith. It is natural and inevitable that in a book of this character there should be many regretful notices of friends and fellow-members who are gone; but it is peculiarly melancholy

that even since the very recent publication of the book, Mr. Martin Smith, so long a member of the club, one of its most accomplished anglers and also of most varied accomplishment in other fields, should have passed away. There is a characteristic portrait of him, from a photograph, on page 124, and many a record up and down the volume testifies to his angling skill. It would be very wrong, while on the subject of the many portraits given, to forget to notice that of the Rev. Canon Beadon, taken in his hundredth year (he died at 101), which forms the frontispiece of the book. He was, with Mr. Barnard, the founder of the Longstock Club, on which the Houghton Club looks as its direct progenitor (the story is all told by Sir Herbert Maxwell in his introduction), although there is still in existence a Longstock Club (so named) which is a resuscitation of the original. Sir Herbert further notices a severe crisis in the affairs of the Houghton Club itself in 1874 and the happy manner in which it was surmounted.

This tent which Mr. Martin Smith has pictured for us was pitched originally twice in each year, at the seasons of the grannom and the May-fly respectively; but since the grannom is now a negligible quantity (the last year in which it showed in any numbers on the river was 1882), it is now pitched in the May-fly season only, and even the May-fly itself is a very much rarer insect on the Test than in the old days. The lamentations on this score run through all the extracts here and there. Nevertheless, we cannot well find it in our hearts to pity the fortunes of the members. Envy, rather, is the green-eyed monster that the perusal of the record excites. For, see this—the annual records have been kept piously from 1823 onwards, of the number, the average weight and the size of the largest specimen of all fish caught over 1lb. weight (there is a fine of 5s. imposed on the member who kills one below this), also the number killed of over 3lb. in each year is recorded. We find then that in 1823 there were killed 111 fish, weighing in all 154lb. 14oz., with an average of 1lb. 7oz., while to Sir Charles Blois fell the unique honour of scoring the single fish killed of over 3lb., and it would seem that this specimen can only just have turned the scale, since there is no mention of additional ounces. Compare this with the last record in the book for 1907. The total of fish (trout) killed was 972, weighing in all 1,982lb. 5oz., with an average of 2lb. 0 2-3oz. The number of those over 3lb. which came to hand was thirty-seven, and the largest was 4lb. 5oz., killed by that past master of the craft, Mr. A. N. Gilbey. These are the records of the extreme dates—Alpha and Omega—but all the alphabet through there is a steady progress shown, so that, despite all the lamentations over the lost grannom and May-fly, the "super-tramp" himself is likely to win more of our genuine pity than these "super-anglers" of the Houghton Club. All this is a record of trout only.

Of grayling the tale is no less good, though it is of less steady increase, and the estimation of the fish among the Houghton members has been as varied as the numbers of the fish themselves. Canon Beadon mentions that they were introduced (he does not say whence) in 1815. In 1852 we have Mr. Penn writing: "These vermin" (thus does he speak of our dainty friend *Thymallus*) "have much injured



HENRY WARBURTON, M.P.

By Sir Francis Chantrey, P.R.A.

the fishing." Fifteen years later again we find the entry under February 27th: "The keepers, alas! give a very poor account of the grayling. It is submitted to the Club that measures should be devised without delay to restore this great treasure to our waters." Thus fifteen years had transformed "these vermin" into "this great treasure." Mr. Penn would here doubtless indulge his vein of irony at the expense of the fickle nature of popularity. The sort of entry that you will find continually sandwiched in

between grave and reverend records of fish and fishing affairs is such as this of June 3rd, 1906: "Mr. Balfour and Mr. Combe had an enjoyable day in a motor-car. Leaving at noon, they returned at 10.30 p.m. to dinner, having assisted the car up all the hills between Wimborne and Stockbridge—a distance of 80 miles. Mr. Combe expressed much disappointment at finding that no money will purchase this car."

There is a distinct, if far-off, echo of Pennic irony about this and many such another entry. The previous day Mr. Balfour is recorded as catching eleven fish weighing 22½lb., so it was only justice that he should do a day's "hard" on the morrow.

Sir Herbert well points out in his preface the changing conditions to which the records of the club bear an often unconscious witness. They are the changes from the days of the sunk fly to the dry-fly angling, and from days of leisure and slow movement to days of business and speed. The railway first came to Stockbridge in 1865, taking the place of the stage-coach. In the leisurely and slowly-moving days members came for longer visits, they had time for long entries, for fine drawings in the book, for compositions in prose and verse, often in dead tongues which, as the editor more than hints, might be scarcely even intelligible to their successors



"I WONDER WHAT FLY WILL SUIT THEM TO-DAY."
By T. Tooke.

of an age in which leisure is not only less but also less learned. It is this legacy from the learned past which makes the book so agreeable. It is the book of sportsmen who were scholars and men of humour as well, and is fortunate in finding an editor possessing in a high degree all those qualities which are not too often met in combination.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. W. B. YEATS is an Irish poet who is very ardently admired by a select circle, and practically unknown to the great mass of readers. Those who wish to discover the reason may find it in *The Collected Works in Verse and Prose of William Butler Yeats* (Chapman and Hall). The work is in eight volumes, of which six have been published and two are yet to appear. The print, paper and binding are worthy of a classic, and for illustration there are four portraits of the author, painted respectively by Mr. Sargent, Signor Mancini, Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. J. B. Yeats. It is natural to divide the works of Mr. Yeats into three separate parts, viz., the lyrical and narrative poems, the plays, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous prose writing. Of the three the last is the least significant. Mr. Yeats has become the advocate of a cause; he is the heart and soul of the Celtic movement in literature, and to further his views has written much that appears almost too ephemeral in character to deserve a place in a collected edition. There is here the atmosphere of the workshop. In "Samhain," in the "United Irishman," in the "Arrow" and elsewhere, he records the work done, discusses the methods employed and argues on various topics relating to, generally, the production of Irish literature. This may be useful and necessary in a pioneer. But it concerns the public to a very slight degree. Their business is with the finished work, not at all with the theories that have or have not been applied. The epicure forms his judgment on the dish, not on the consultations that have taken place in the kitchen. If any passages are to be excepted from this rule, they are such statements of the literary creed of the author as that:

I am certain that everywhere literature will return to its old extravagant fantastical expression, for in literature unlike science, there are no discoveries, and it is always the old that returns.

Mr. Yeats has acted on this belief, and probably that is why the circle of his admirers is not wider. No one who loves beautiful poetry can be blind to the brilliant gifts of Mr. Yeats, but how few believe that he has fulfilled the duty of being convincing! He ignores the difference between the old audience and the new. Poets who sang in the morning light of the world addressed those who were themselves what we consider extravagant and fantastical. Sun, moon and stars were to them divinities, thunder and earthquake and storm were expressions of the supernatural, magic and witchcraft were implicitly believed in, forest and meadow, stream and fountain were peopled with the supernatural. How different is our generation! Whenever Mr. Yeats addresses an audience outside his own coterie, his words fall on the ears of those who have been taught to weigh and measure and analyse, to seek in every difficulty a natural explanation. The ages as they pass have not uprooted supernatural belief, but they have reduced the territory in which it is possible. The author's drama, the "Countess Cathleen," will illustrate the point. In its original form of a folk-tale it was probably related to men saturated with uncouth and to us incredible superstitions. The hearers shared the extravagance and fantasticality of the narrator. The change in the view, attitude and knowledge of the public makes its defects as a play of to-day obvious, though as a poem it shows an imagination almost Dantean. It has felicity of diction, it has pregnancy and beauty; yet it could not possibly convince a modern mind. The thing hangs in mid-air, touching neither earth nor heaven. That would be so even if the two agents of the devil, buying souls at a hundred crowns apiece, did not fall so flat after Marlowe and Goethe. The sacrifice of the Countess conveys a truth more effectively put by the homely remark that when a man with due sense of what it implies says "Damo my own soul," he is in the fair-way of salvation. That truth, in our opinion, could have been more convincingly brought home by the employment of a natural machinery. Yet he who wrote the play is unmistakably a poet, as a hundred passages could be quoted to testify. His lyric gift would be established by a single song:

Impetuous heart, be still, be still,
Your sorrowful love need never be told :
Cover it up with a lonely tune,
He who could bend all things to His Will
Has covered the door of the infinite fold
With the pale stars and the wandering moon.

The singing quality, the music of the piece, is faultless. Yet in reading it we know that it just lacks the little more of fire or felicity to become "immortal verse." A well-known song in "The

Land of Heart's Desire" awakens the same delight tempered by the same misgiving:

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away!"

The best of Mr. Yeats will be found in the volume which contains his lyrical and narrative poetry. And his success is greatest when he gets hold of a simple human emotion and expresses it without regard to Irish tradition and folk-lore. We cannot admire all even of the lyrics without reservation. Ten or fifteen years ago many of the phrases had more freshness than now. Other writers since then have toured round with a menagerie of "white deer with no horns," "A hound with one red ear," "the hound of Ulad" and other prodigies. We become tired, too, of phrases like the following, all culled from a few consecutive pages: "long heavy hair," "her long dim hair," "a cloud of her hair," and "drown their eyes with your hair," "your dim heavy hair," and "ragged long grass-coloured hair." His determination to have "colour" in his verses leads to weakness. But there is much of Mr. Yeats to which this criticism does not apply. In the following there is nothing essentially Irish:

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadside, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the depths of my heart.
The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, remake, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the depths of my heart.
Here, too, is a piece of admirable simplicity :

THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER.

I heard the old, old men say,
"Everything alters,
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say,
"All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is that Mr. William Butler Yeats started with talent bordering on genius, and might have won for himself a higher place in literature if he had developed his mind on universal instead of parochial lines. The Irish movement has been of no use to him, but a great hindrance. It has sent him on a quest among the folk-lore and traditions of a race which has changed rapidly in the past and is likely to change more rapidly in the future. We have nothing to say against the pursuit in itself, but on the contrary reckon it innocent and laudable. But it should not be allowed to engulf poetic genius such as his. It has led him to cultivate the extravagant and fantastic in a generation which is ridding itself of these qualities as quickly as it can, and to use as the substance of his art that which only ought to serve as ornament and embroidery. To suppose that there could be a return to the old fantastic and extravagant beliefs is in itself the highest point of extravagance. The domain of the supernatural was once that of the entire world; now it has been so circumscribed that there are only a few odd corners where it maintains a precarious existence.

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW."

THE most important event in the domain of periodical publications is the issue of the first number of the *English Review* (Duckworth and Co.). It is a half-crown magazine of a kind which is practically new to this country. Although called a review, it is in reality a high-class magazine; that is to say, its main function does not appear to be the study of the questions of the day by the greatest authorities of the day—the idea which the late Sir James Knowles conceived and carried out with brilliant success—but the provision of a month's reading mostly in the shape of imaginative work. The editor seems to have been successful in bringing all the talents to his aid. In this first number the team consists of Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, Count Tolstoi, H. G. Wells and one or two writers who are not less important because they have not signed their names. It will naturally be asked what room there is for a publication of this kind. Most people will be inclined to answer that the world is now flooded with periodical literature, and that the magazines already in existence have in the majority of cases to struggle hard for a livelihood. But times are always changing, and taste changes with them. Evidently the editor of this *Review* has come to the conclusion that the public has had more than enough

of frothy little paragraphs. Some evidence of that is given by the alacrity with which even the great half-educated public turns from the short story that used to delight it to the sixpenny reprint. At any rate, the experiment is tried here of giving a specimen of the best authors in bulk. A fourth part of Mr. Wells's new novel is published in one instalment, and the other writers run on gaily to a length that we are afraid would horrify the average editor. It will be most instructive to see how the experiment succeeds. No one can judge beforehand, because out of the great mass of ordinary readers there is constantly being formed a selection of "the fit though few" who clamour for something better than they have had before. It certainly will not be said that the new venture is one to provide milk for babes, because the writers say their say without much regard to the ordinary conventions. Mr. Thomas Hardy, who opens the ball, deals with a very poignant theme in the spirit of the old ballad-makers. In the poem he shows the same command over the material of poetry that we find in "The Dynasts," but also the same inability to give the best form to it. Those who like Mr. Hardy's verse will find some of the very best he has written in the first two or three pages, but they will probably wish that he had not rounded off the story and completed it. The thing would have succeeded better as a fragment. Next to Mr. Hardy's poem, the majority of readers will probably place the acute and well-informed article written by a German on the Kaiser. It does not pull back the curtain from the events of the last few weeks so as to show the reality which has been behind the mere appearance, but it is a shrewd and sensible analysis alike of the personality of the Emperor and the people he governs. The writer's opinion is that the disturbance between the sovereign and his subjects is only a passing breeze. "At the moment when I write this," he says, "the Kaiser is being rated as if he were a prodigal son or an imprudent cousin, but by the time you have put this into print the balance will be sweeping back and his family, who are his people, will applaud him." Further, he ends with the acid request that, "if ever you should desire to interview me, you will have it done by a person with a sense of fair play and some of the attributes of a gentleman." The lighter writing in the magazine is equally distributed between fact and fiction, though to which of these categories "Some Reminiscences" by Mr. Joseph Conrad belongs it is not easy to determine. "How I Wrote Almayer's Folly" would be a good alternative title. We hope that Mr. Joseph Conrad will travel backward in his story and tell us something more of that romantic boyhood of his, concerning which we have heard so many pleasant rumours. Mr. Galsworthy writes one of his finished sketches in a short story which he names "A Fisher of Men." It is one of those pieces which are in a vein of irony that disguises without concealing their pathos. How true are the touches in this passage when used to describe a certain type of man: "In the schoolhouse, at the post office, on the green, at choir practice, or on the way to service, wherever he met them, one could see that he was perpetually detecting small slights or incivilities. He had come, I think, almost to imagine that these people, who never came to church, fixed the hours of their births and deaths and marriages maliciously, that they might mock at the inconvenience caused to one who neither could, nor would, refuse to do his duty. It was blasphemy that they committed. In avoiding God's church, yet requiring service of His minister, they were making God their servant." There is so much of Tono-Bungay, Mr. H. G. Wells's new story, that comment upon it must be reserved for a future occasion. But a few words may be said about the strictly review part of the magazine. It is conceived on new lines altogether, the editor explaining the objects aimed at in these pages before proceeding to deal with the themes of the month. One of these is the unemployed, and then we go on to "Aspects of the Social Question," by Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham. There is one passage on the advantages of being unemployed by Mr. W. H. Davies that is quite delightful. "Of course this man soon begins to see that the life of a man out of work is not so terrible after all. He gets enough to eat, and is free to go his way, and he has no responsibilities. A fine healthy appetite compensates for the low quality of his food; for he will relish plain bread and cheese as he never relished the beef

steak and onions of his former days. Day after day he passes before strange eyes, and therefore has no need to study appearances. He loses all fret, and settles himself to a wandering life. He cannot fail to see how happy are the real beggars he meets on the road and in lodging-houses—and he soon becomes indifferent to work."

THE EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S.

AMONG the smaller exhibitions of pictures in London **A** none provides a greater treat to the eye than that which is now being held at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street, on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Here are just over two dozen pictures, every



After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CONTEMPLATION.

In the Exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's.

one of which is a delight. Instead of those indigestible feasts of Gargantuan lavishness for which Burlington House annually issues invitations, and against which the, perhaps, ungrateful reproach may be insinuated that they tend to confuse or deaden the artistic perceptions by an *embarras de richesse*, the entertainment afforded here is exactly suitable to the taste of the most fastidious gourmet. Neither too much, nor too little. It is like a perfectly served dinner. Let us say at once that the *pièce de résistance* is Reynolds's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope as "Contemplation." Never was the greatest painter of women that England, or perhaps any other country, has produced more exquisitely inspired than in this portrait. As a painting it displays some of Reynolds's technical faults and limitations, but as a picture his peculiar and unrivalled genius

shines out of it as from no other work that he ever achieved. It is a poem in paint, throbbing with purest and subtlest emotion, and moving with a rhythmic march that never falters. The still glowing light of evening just after sunset illuminates the young woman's face, while in the background the moon, almost full, has risen on a deep woodland glade, overshadowing a faintly shimmering pool. Between the chiaroscuro of this mystic background and the warm glow of the still luminous day, playing upon the young woman's face and shoulders, her eyes, shadowed by falling eyelashes, long and dark, are bent in contemplation, plunged into dreams in harmony with, and partially, no doubt, inspired by the gentle melancholy of her environment. It is the twilight of her spent girlhood which is passing from her. She is on the threshold of the fuller and brighter life of the morrow's womanhood. The extreme thoughtfulness of her gaze almost but not quite, drowns its element of sadness. Her look has the dignity of perfect simplicity and sincerity, without a trace of the sentimental, or of self-consciousness. Wordsworth alone among English poets could have expressed in words the poem which Reynolds here gives us in paint. One grasps what a great picture it is by comparing it with Reynolds's portrait (11) of the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache as "Miranda," which, though masterly in technique and of a most dignified and stately composition, is not without a certain stiff preciosity of pose bordering dangerously on the ridiculous. "Contemplation" gives the high-water mark of Reynolds's achievement in that "art aimable"

which was peculiar to the eighteenth century, the French exponents of which, though his equals, and in some respects his superiors in technical skill, were on a moral and mental plane so vastly inferior. The bankruptcy of the French School of that time, largely brought about by the wearisome sentimentality of Greuze and the trivialities of Fragonard, might have been avoided, and the French art of colour saved from the disaster of David's drab classicism, if its painters had possessed a tithe of the poetic inspiration of the aesthetic tenderness and the nobility of imaginative aim which Reynolds reveals to us in "Contemplation." In an exhibition where all is so good, further selection is difficult. Raeburn's sketch portrait (14) of Mrs. Monro is such a marvel of technical virtuosity that it has the double effect of taking one's breath away and making one grieve for the days that are no more. The student of painting should not lose the opportunity of examining this wonderful canvas with the closest analytical attention. He might also spend a useful morning in saturating himself with the beauties and the technical masterliness of J. Crome's "An Old Cottage on the Banks of the Yare," which is as brilliant and transparent a jewel as ever came from the hand of that nearly-unerring genius. The striking portrait of a lady in a black hat (7) attributed to the Early English School is certainly German. The extraordinary black head-dress she is wearing is Bavarian of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. There is just such a head-dress worn by a similar old dame in Samuel Prout's "Würzburg" at the South Kensington Museum. R. S.

MIST IN THE VALLEY.

Mist in the valley, weeping mist
Beset my homeward way.
No gleam of rose or amethyst
Hallowed the parting day.
A shroud, a shroud of awful grey
Wrapped every woodland brow,
And drooped in crumbling disarray
Around each wintry bough.

And closer round me now it clung
Until I scarce could see
The stealthy pathway overhung
By silent tree and tree,
Which floated in that mystery
As, poised in waveless deeps,
Branching in worlds below the sea,
The grey sea-Kraken sleeps.

Mist in the valley, mist no less
Within my groping mind!
The stile swam out: a wilderness
Rolled round it grey and blind.
A yard in front, a yard behind,
So strait the world was grown;
I stooped to win once more some kind
Glimmer of twig or stone.

I crossed and lost the friendly stile
And listened. Never a sound
Came to me. Mile on mile on mile
It seemed the world around
Beneath some infinite sea lay drowned
With all that e'er drew breath;
Whilst I, alone, had strangely found
A moment's life in death.

A universe of lifeless grey
Oppressed me overhead;
Below, a yard of clinging clay
With rotting foliage red
Glimmered. The stillness of the dead,
Hark!—was it broken now
By the slow drip of tears that bled
From hidden heart or bough?

Mist in the valley, mist no less
That muffled every cry
Across the soul's grey wilderness
Where faith lay down to die;

Buried beyond all hope was I,
Hope had no meaning there;
A yard above my head the sky
Could only mock at prayer.

The lifeless ghost of that dead God
Was bowed across my way.
Closer and closer, as I trod
My path of clinging clay,
All round me pressed the hideous grey
Corruption, till it seemed
To quench the last faint struggling ray
That in my spirit gleamed.

E'en as I groped along, the gloom
Suddenly shook at my feet!
O, strangely as from a rending tomb
In resurrection, sweet
Swift wings tumultuously beat
Away! I paused to hark—
O, birds of thought, too fair, too fleet
To follow across the dark!

Yet, like a madman's dream there came
One fair swift flash to me
Of distant City streets afame
With joy and agony;
And, further yet, a moonlit sea
Foaming across its bars,
And, further yet, the infinity
Of wheeling suns and stars.

And further yet . . . O, mist of suns,
O myriad heavens of light,
O, further yet, what vast response
From what transcendent height?
Wild wings that burst thro' death's dim night,
I can but pause and hark;
For O, ye are too swift, too white,
To follow across the dark!

Mist in the valley; yet I saw
And in my soul I knew
The gleaming city whence I draw
The strength that then I drew
My misty pathway to pursue
With steady pulse and breath,
Through these dim forest-ways of dew
And darkness, life and death.

ALFRED NOYES.

THE TWO YEAR OLDS OF THE SEASON.

WITH the closing of the flat-racing season so recently as Saturday, November 28th, there has not yet been time to sort out and put in their proper order even the more prominent of the horses who have played their part in the racing of this year. Nor has it been possible to sift and explain the strangely-tangled form which so many of them have shown—form which will probably cause the great majority of speculators to look back upon the racing season of 1908 as having been of a peculiarly disastrous nature. To these matters, interesting enough in themselves, there will be further opportunities for referring; but we may perhaps with advantage seize upon this interval of leisure between the close of the flat-racing season and the time when steeplechasing will occupy our attention, as a fitting occasion for passing in review some of those two year olds who, having done well in the present season, seem likely to earn yet further distinction in the coming year. Looking back for a moment at last year's review of the two year olds which appeared in these pages of December 7th, in the light of subsequent events and especially of the fact that the Derby was won by a filly, it is curious to note that in writing of the colts I should have said, "With regard to the colts in particular it is, at the present moment, difficult not merely to pick out the best, but to find even one of whom it may be said that 'this will be a classic winner.'" At that time Norman III. and Your Majesty were to all intents and purposes unknown quantities, and the two year old colts that seemed to be the best of the season were White Eagle, Vamose, Quelpart, Sir Archibald and Prospector. This last, by the way, I shall always believe would have been a good horse but for the attack of illness which left behind it the infirmity which completely destroyed his prospects.



HOLIDAY HOUSE, BY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—HELEN MARY.

Before going into the question of how the two year olds of the season stand as compared one with another, it may be as well, perhaps, to see how they have fared as earners of stake-money. In this respect the records tell us that Bayardo is *facile princeps*, with no less than 13,038 sovs. to his credit. Not only, indeed, is he by far the biggest winner among the two year olds, but with the exception of Your Majesty, who has put together the very satisfactory total of 19,286 sovs., he is actually the principal money-earner of his year.

Among horses of the same age the next best earner is Duke Michael, who has won 3,774 sovs. Not far behind Mr. Reid Walker's colt comes Vivid with 3,450 sovs., and next to her, with a really good *proxime accessit*, comes Perola, winner of 3,253 sovs. Last, but by no means least, of the principal stake winners among the two year olds comes Princesse de Galles, who has carried the Royal colours with sufficient distinction to enable her to place 3,060 sovs. to the credit side of His Majesty's racing account. But hereby hangs a tale, for had not that excellent jockey, Herbert Jones, made one of the few mistakes of his career, there is not the shadow of a doubt that His Majesty's filly would have been returned the winner of the valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, instead of having been beaten by a head by Attic Salt. That the filly had to all intents and purposes won the race was the opinion of all the onlookers, and Jones himself was the first sorrowfully to admit the error which had lost him the race. The difference of a head at the finish of the race made a difference of 1,800 sovs. in the amount to be credited to Princesse de Galles, and with this addition, to which she is morally entitled, her winning total would stand at 4,860 sovs., and she would be entitled to rank as the second best two year old winner of the year from a pecuniary point of view.

Turning now to the actual doers of the two year olds, there



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BAYARDO, BY BAY RONALD—GALICIA.

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ELECTRA, BY EAGER—SIRENIA.

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need not be much hesitation in naming the best colt of the season, for by his looks and by his deeds Bayardo stands out clear from the ruck. A bay colt of singularly blood-like appearance, the son of Bay Ronald and Galicia did not make his appearance in public until the season was well advanced, when, heralded by rumours of having "something attempted, something done" in a home trial, he arrived from Manton to meet his engagement in the New Stakes

this occasion it was, to all intents and purposes, a bloodless victory, for he had but the moderate Aucps to beat. Then came the Middle Park Plate, in which he again met Vivid, now quite at her best, but giving her 3lb., he once more beat her with consummate ease. One more engagement he had to meet, that for the Dewhurst Plate at the Houghton Meeting. This, too, he won literally in a canter, and he has now gone into winter quarters with not only an unbeaten certificate, but able to boast of having the Middle Park Plate and the Dewhurst Plate among his victories. The colt is far from being an ordinary type of animal; well balanced, with great heart room, clean strong neck, masculine expression, well-sprung ribs and great power, there is something very old-fashioned about his general appearance. By this I mean that he reminds one irresistibly of some of the horses that Herring loved to paint, and he gives one, too, the notion that there is in him a tremendous reserve of force and energy, as indeed there well might be with the double cross of the fiery Galopin blood that courses through his veins. Bayardo belongs to the No. 10 Bruce Lowe family, and is in the hands of a trainer who well knows how to direct aright the fire and courage which in less capable hands might easily develop into "temper"; if all goes well with him during the recess, it may well be that when Derby Day comes round Mr. "Fairie" will be able to lay claim to the proud distinction attaching to the owner and breeder of the winner of that great classic race. A good and courageous



W. A. Rouch

GLASGERION, BY GALLINULE—EXCELLENZA.

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colt is Battle Axe, a bay colt by William III. out of Britannia (2), belonging to Mr. J. P. Arkwright. How good this colt really might be, or rather might have been, it is very difficult to say, for, affected though he is in his wind, he has put in more than one brilliant performance in the course of the present season, and in spite of his infirmity must, I think, be ranked as the second best colt of the season. The pity of it is that there should be but little likelihood of his being able to hold the place to which, but for his ailment, he might certainly aspire in the classic races of next year; and that this should be so is the more to be regretted in that his owner is a most thorough sportsman in the best sense of the word. Next in order of merit, and very close up too, comes, I am inclined to think, Holiday House (22), a sturdy, solid sort of colt by Queen's Birthday out of Helen Mary. Even as a foal this colt had quite a character of his own, and I well remember the persistent manner in which he insisted upon being taken notice of by Lady Londonderry when she went to see him in his paddock on the occasion of my visit to the Wynyard Stud. The Seaton Delaval Plate at the Newcastle Meeting in June served to introduce the colt to the public; nor was there any half-heartedness about the style in which he presented Sir Stan with a four-lengths' beating. This success he followed up by earning winning brackets in the July Plate at Haydock Park, in the Kirkleatham Biennial at Redcar and, appropriately enough, in the Wynyard Plate at the Stockton Meeting. He next essayed to give 16lb. to Bonny Bay in the Champion Breeders' Foal Plate at Derby, and although he failed to do so, all the honours of the race were his, for he was only beaten by a short head, and, even so, was very unlucky in losing the race at all. Beginning none too well, he laid himself out to win after the fashion of a game and resolute colt, and, although just failing to overhaul Sir Daniel Cooper's filly, he had behind him, among others, Golden Flight, to whom he was giving 17lb., and Third Trick, in receipt of 20lb. That he had been called upon for a severe effort is certain, and gallantly though he responded to the call, it is possible that the strain told upon him, for in the Free Handicap at the Houghton Meeting the pace was apparently altogether too much for him, and, carrying 9st., he could only finish sixth in a race in which Canonite (7st 10lb.), Third Trick (8st. 2lb.) and Battle Axe (8st. 10lb.) were respectively first, second and third. Even should he not be in quite the first class next season, it is fairly certain that he will carry with credit colours which we would wish to see displayed much oftener than they are. In this brief review of some of the two year olds, I am almost inclined to think that a filly should come next, for between Electra and Glasgerion there is little, if anything, to choose on their running of this season. A very racing-like youngster, at all events, is Mr. L. Neumann's bay daughter of Eager and Sirenia (19), with her nice length and reach, blood-like head, wiry, muscular limbs and game expression. To her credit are the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes, the Spring Two Year Old Stakes at Newmarket, the Acorn Stakes at Epsom and the Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton Park, and for her four defeats there are, perhaps, legitimate excuses to be made. Duke Michael, for instance, beat her by a head in the Great



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THE WHIRLPOOL, BY AYRSHIRE—WEIR.

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Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes, and although that colt, to whom reference will shortly be made, may not have been quite at his best, Electra was nevertheless attempting to give him 12lb., a task which even Bayardo might have found none too easy of execution.

In the early stages of his career Glasgerion 3, a big chestnut colt by Gallinule out of Excellenza, was known as the Excellenza colt, and was not yet named when he won the Fulbourne Stakes in a common canter. He is a big, lengthy chestnut colt with much to like about him; but he could well do with another rib, and a few inches taken out of his backbone would make him more to the liking of Major Beatty—and others. Still, he goes fast and goes on, and these, after all, are the qualities which win races. The races won by



W. A. Rouch.

VIVID, BY ST. FRUSQUIN—GLARE.

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Glasgerion were the Fulbourne Stakes, the Hopeful Stakes, in which, in receipt of 3lb. from Perdiccas, he beat him cleverly by half a length, and the Prendergast Stakes; but, perhaps, the best race he ran was when Bayardo only beat him by a length in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park. It is not easy to foretell which way this colt may go; but if he makes his growth in the right direction he should be a better race-horse next year than this. Not a few good judges there are who expect great things of Duke Michael, a strong brown colt by Dinna Forget out of Beltenebrosa (3), belonging to Mr. Reid Walker. Winner of the Warwickshire Breeders' Foal Plate, the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes and the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, a race in which he beat Princesse de Galles and Vivid, to both of whom he was giving 4lb., he had himself to knuckle under in the attempt to give 18lb. to that useful colt Eddystone in the Moulton Stakes. Perola, a beautiful chestnut filly by Persimmon out of Edmée, belonging to Mr. W. Cooper, can hardly be left out; indeed, for some time she looked like being almost the best filly of the year, and it may be that she will come to herself again; but in her last two races she did not show to advantage, having been unplaced in the Cheveley Park Stakes and very easily beaten by Bayardo in the Dewhurst Plate. Sir John Robinson is the breeder of The Whirlpool, a bay colt by Ayrshire out of Weir (4), who tried in vain to win the Ginerack Stakes on his first appearance in public. Going on to Doncaster, he did win the Tattersall Sale Stakes, but in his next attempt he found Vivid a bit too good for him in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park; and so, too, did he find the task of

her own sisters — Flair and Lesbia — by winning the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, and to her credit also stands the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which she won at the York Meeting. About her there is the characteristic symmetry and muscular development typical of her breed, and as in her case size is not wanting, there is every prospect that her career as a three year old will be a successful one.

T. H. B.

WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIERS.

THESE little West Highland white terriers have become great favourites both as pets and as sporting dogs. They are essentially game and hardy and go to earth as probably no other dogs do. At a very early age they demonstrate their peculiarities by digging, hiding bones and other treasures, hunting and fighting. They are very intelligent. One of my bitches, Fiorag (Gaelic for squirrel), learned of herself to go to the door and wag her tail as if to beg to be let out, with intent to draw me from my cushioned arm-chair, into the warm recesses of which the moment it is vacated she springs. She might almost have in mind Anatole France's inimitable "Pensées de Riquet," where he says: "Mon maître me tient chaud quand je suis couché



C. Reid.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

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derrière lui dans son fauteuil. Et cela vient de ce qu'il est un Dieu." Another, Cavac (or Quick), loves to rest her head on my suspended foot when my legs are crossed, and will remain so, gently swaying, for hours. They are delightful companions, and especially so on the hillside and in the cairns high up in the Highland solitudes of the Strone and the Fairy over against the Duke of Argyll's bowling green. This bowling green is now, of course, the Ardgill Estate of the Corporation of the City of Glasgow. Glenmallon, where these kennels are, is an ideal spot for such sporting dogs. Hill foxes, fomarts, weasels and brocks or



C. Reid.

DEOCH AN DORUYS.

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giving 8lb. to Third Trick in the Alington Plate at Newmarket a little more than he was capable of doing, but he is an improving sort of colt and is likely to hold his own next year.

With a brief mention of Sir Daniel Cooper's beautiful filly Vivid, these notes must come to an end. By St. Frusquin out of Glare (1), she followed the example of



C. Reid.

OSSIAN.

Copyright



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

"UNCO' PACK AN' THICK THEGITHER."

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badgers) inhabit the cairns, huge masses of irregular glacier-borne rocks, precipitous in places, wind-swept and cloud-encompassed. From some of the hilltops you look clear down the Firth of Clyde to Arran and northwards towards many a towering Ben guarding "the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond." As you tread the heather and bog myrtle you startle a few stray grouse, houdiecraws, a raven or two, buzzards, and now and again come upon an owl in a spring trap. All the time the terriers are quartering the moor in quest of rabbits—giving tongue in their excitement and lending an indescribable zest and animation to a mountain stroll. These surroundings are the true setting for the breed.

The show bench is all very well; but the game characteristics of the little varmints are sacrificed to all sorts of notions and the door is opened to "docking" and "faking." A most ludicrous instance of mistaken identity occurred once

when one of the best-known breeders took one of my unplaced dogs off the bench and showed him in the ring for several minutes as his own champion until challenged, and then would scarcely admit his error. There is a craze for dead white in colour. As a matter of fact, the outer coat should be weather-beaten, hard and yellowish. Exhibitors are tempted, and sometimes succumb to the temptation, to treat the coats with alum and chlorides—even sheep dip—and generally to "fake" the little beauties. Such practices, and also the docking of tails, reinforcing of ears and darkening of noses and pads, should be rigorously dealt with and disqualify at all respectable shows. There is a difference of opinion among breeders as to what the true type of these terriers should be, and consequently there is no standard to refer to. The published scale of points is seldom adhered to, each judge being a law unto himself. As a rule, show-bench



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE OWNER AND HIS PACK.

Copyright

[Dec. 5th, 1908.]

champions are useless on the hillside. They can neither run nor jump, but they stand very still to be photographed. It would be most interesting to be able to discover the causes of the likes and dislikes of these doggies. They hate postmen, and invariably bark at tradesmen's carts, nor can they always resist a bite at the trouser leg or knickerbocker stocking of a stranger. They are not Scotch for nothing, even in their love of a "nip" on the sly.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

IN THE DAYS OF PUPPYHOOD.

Copyright.

They should be bright, keen, active, loyal and courageous, and able to kill anything twice their own weight. Like most dogs they readily devote themselves to children, and are easily taught to watch and guard property. One of mine, annoyed at the destructive tactics of a huge mastiff puppy in tearing and scattering shawls and cushions on the lawn, collected the spoils into a heap, upon which it lay down growling defiance at the iconoclast. As ratters they are not easily beaten. I have never bred one that would not lace a rat.

R. CAIRD.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BIRDS AND BIRDS IN DECEMBER.

THE first week of December is not the customary time for taking honey, ani, as a matter of fact, we did not mean to do it. It was merely that one of the old elms in the corner of what is known as "The Close" was obviously half dead. Some 6 ft up the mighty trunk had separated into two huge branches of almost equal girth, and one of these great limbs was smitten with decay. So it was decided to lop one half of the giant away. About 14 ft from the ground the limb was yesterday partly sawn through and was found to be hollow; then with rope and tackle it was brought crashing to the ground. And the point of fracture was right in the middle of a bees' nest.

A RUINED CITY

It is curious that none of us knew the bees were there. Certain starlings higher up we knew all about, and we suspected owls; but the bee population had undoubtedly been carrying on all its divers activities, probably several thousands of "souls," just above our heads, year after year, without anyone being aware of their presence. There were some 30 lb. of thick brown honey, so unlike that which is brewed in our patent hives, though the basis of it must come from the same lime blossoms, with masses of brood comb and all the evidences of long habitation. When the wreckage lay scattered about the grass, amid chips and broken branches, it was like gazing on the ruins of Nineveh and Tyre. But the village boys took a less sentimental view of it; and some of them must be dreadfully sick to-day.

THE SENSES OF BIRDS

"If only they could think," said one of the onlookers, "what fools the bees must have thought us, for not knowing that they were there." If only they could think! And who dares to say that bees do not? There is no need to follow Mr. Tickner Edwardes in all his picture-que imaginings of the bee faculties, as when he says that their senses of smell and hearing are "extraordinarily acute," or, still less, when he declares that "it is quite clear we must admit the honey-bee to possess other senses than the five we know of." The most distinguished investigators have been unable to convince themselves that bees hear at all (though I believe they do), while it does not appear that their sense of smell is as acute as that of wasps. As for senses other than the five we know of, there have been earnest and learned supporters of the theory that their homing faculty was a manifestation of some mysterious sense of orientation strange to us; but it is now generally accepted that bees, like carrier pigeons, find their way by no more occult power than that of vision. There is no sort of certainty that the bees have any novel sense. We may be willing to recognise the possibility that they have; but

entomologists, biologists and anatomists are a long way yet from considering it "clear," or consenting to "admit" the fact.

INTELLIGENT VEGETABLES.

But it is impossible not to believe that they think. We have been over-jealous of our reputation as the only reasoning things in creation, and even science is coming only reluctantly to recognise that if every member not only of the animal, but also of the vegetable, kingdom does not think, it does something which is indistinguishable from it. There is no point through all the descending scale of mentality at which a hard-and-fast line can be drawn between the highest imaginings of the most powerful human brain and the readiness with which a bee, or a bee community, turns aside from its accustomed routine to meet some new emergency which threatens its existence, or the behaviour of a creeping plant when it changes the direction of its growth in accordance with the requirements of its environment or puts forth a new kind of member to grapple with new conditions. However dim and blind in a bee may be the consciousness of its thought, it is impossible not to say that it thinks until we have invented some new name which means the same thing.

APPETISERS FOR TITS.

The worker bee has but a laborious time of it in summer, and it may be that the winter nirvana is the best part of its drudge's life. Not only, then, was it forlorn to see the product (*lautus liber!*) of so much and such intelligent industry thrown shattered on the frosted grass, but it was impossible also not to feel sympathy with the numbed, half-frozen creatures so unceremoniously

turned out to die. But they are doubtless fine appetisers for Christmas cheer, *hors d'oeuvres*, or preliminary snacks, as it were, for the tits.

BIRDS' TEMPS AND THE WRATHER.

The long-continued fine weather, with its recurring interruptions of frost, has provoked this year an enormous amount of argument among the birds. As soon as hard weather set in for the first time, every garden, hedge and shrubbery became the arena of innumerable duels, until the respective spheres of influence and the territorial boundaries of each bird had been satisfactorily established. With the return of mild weather and a comparative abundance of food, jealousies were forgotten and the Saturnian reign of summer came again with all its happy fraternisings. At the next cold snap the whole business of frontier delimitation had to be done over again, and one frosty morning in November I saw an extraordinary scene. There is a shrubbery beyond the lawn which divides the orchard on the one hand from The Close, with its large elms, on the other; and in this shrubbery there was such a clamour going on, in which the "chit-chit-chit" of the blackbirds predominated, that I had no doubt that an incautious owl had been discovered and was being mobbed.

THE BLACKBIRDS' CIVIL WAR.

When I arrived at the spot, however, there was no owl there. It was only a matter of civil strife among the blackbirds themselves. The immediate surroundings of the house probably furnish board and lodging to eight or ten pairs of blackbirds every year; but in some 30 yds. of shrubbery that morning were concentrated some thirty blackbirds, all cocks. It was impossible to count them with any accuracy, because they were in continual and inextricable flight. A chasing B till C began hunting A, when B, released from pursuit himself, started after D, and so on, through at least the whole alphabet; for after two or three efforts at an accurate census I satisfied myself that there were not less than thirty birds present. A few chaffinches, sparrows and robins, the ordinary tenants of the grove, were thrown into hysterics and added to the uproar; but they were only incidentals, or supers, as it were. It was the blackbirds who held the stage. I presume that two or three blackbirds had begun quarrelling and others joined in, the number gradually increasing (for blackbirds love a rumpus as well as any Irishman) until from a radius as far as the noise of battle penetrated—from the hedge beyond The Close, from the Rector's garden and from the Manor House grounds—all the birds had come for the mere joy of fighting. Never, I think, have I seen such racings and chasings among any birds; but in less than half-an-hour it was all over, the shrubbery silent again, to the immense relief, undoubtedly, of the smaller birds, and the blackbirds presumably scattered once more to their usual haunts.

FEROCIOUS THRUSHES.

Only yesterday, again, I watched the most prolonged and seemingly most desperate fight between two thrushes that I have ever seen. The breakfast-room opens by wide French windows on to the lawn, and it was while at breakfast that I became aware that the same pair of birds had crossed the lawn several times, one pursuing the other, within the space of a minute or two. Watching, I saw that they were thrushes. How long they had been at it I do not know, but from the time when they first attracted my attention it was just 25 min. before they disappeared. During that time the two were continuously on the wing, except for one brief interruption, when the one which was pursued, evidently worn out, endeavoured to settle in the branches of a cedar, and the other at once attacked it and brought it to the ground, where it looked as if the weaker bird would surely be killed, for thrushes, as

well as blackbirds, do sometimes fight *à l'outrance*. But somehow the victim managed, with no small loss of feathers, to get upon the wing again and the chase was resumed.

A LONG CHASE.

At a moderate estimate the birds must have covered ten or a dozen miles, all at top speed and of the most tiring description of flight, dodging between the birch trees, swinging round the cedars, over the shrubbery, back across the lawn to the birches, and so on *ad infinitum*. The flight of both

was perceptibly laboured when at last the hunted bird left the narrow circle which it had been so faithfully following, and, in a wider arc, was lost behind the woods. Burns speaks of the "mavis mild," and poets generally are tender of the "joyous thrush"; but no bloodthirsty human being, no stoat or weasel, could have pursued a victim with more relentlessness. Unless the hunter was too utterly exhausted at the last to be able to administer a *coup de grâce*, there can, I fear, have been but one end to the chase.

H. P. R.

THE COMMON TERN.

HAVING given special attention to the study of our five species of British nesting terns, and having succeeded in photographing all these in their nesting haunts, I was naturally very much interested in Dr. Heatherley's account of the ternery at Wells-next-the-Sea in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. And in order that your readers might have an opportunity of contrasting the habits of the common terns in Cumberland with those of the same species in Norfolk—a contrast which will bring out several interesting points of difference, in addition to many points of resemblance—I beg to submit the following account of the common terns as I saw them in the sea-birds' sanctuary known as "The Gullery," on the sandhills at Ravenglass. In this district the common tern certainly justifies its trivial designation, for of the three species of terns—Sandwich, common, and little or lesser—which make it their summer home, it far outnumbers the other two; in fact, save for the ubiquitous and loquacious black-headed gull, it is much the most abundant of the many species of birds that are to be found nesting in this area. Yet, in spite of the fact that there are, perhaps, a thousand pairs of common terns in the colony, their presence is, in a measure, overshadowed by the enormous number of black-headed gulls—60,000 to 80,000, perhaps—which dominate this great bird nursery, and which alone attract the eye and the ear of the casual visitor (whose object is sight-seeing rather than ornithology) to "The Gullery." The common tern is intermediate in size between the other two species mentioned, being about 14 in. in length, as against 16 in. for the Sandwich tern and 9 in. for the little tern. In time of arrival from its winter quarters it is also intermediate, coming after the larger species but before the smaller one. Yet, strangely enough, it is the latest of the three to commence nesting. During the

last few days of May and the first few days of June you may find scores of young Sandwich terns hatched out. You will also find that the lesser terns have mostly completed their clutches of eggs, and are fully engaged in the duties of incubation. Yet in spite of their much greater numbers, you will scarcely find an egg at this time of a common tern, though a little patient observation will show you that the whole colony is in a state of restlessness and high excitement; that the "nesting fever," in fact, is running a high course among and within them. To reach their nesting area you must first (after having ferried across the river) walk over the encircling zone of sandhills occupied by a section of the colony of black-headed gulls. These form a wildly clamorous cloud of birds, which swoop and snarl viciously and continuously at you, and follow after you until they consider you are safely beyond range of their sanctuary. But, having survived this indignant outburst of aerial "guilabaloos," you reach a comparatively level and far-continued stretch of fine green turf, where the grass, close cropped by the abounding bunnies, is in marked contrast to the long, coarse, wind-tossed marram grass of the surrounding sandhills. This stretch of turf, you will note, forms a kind of natural amphitheatre of level consolidated ground, encircled by lines and masses of broken sandhills, some of which are still "in the making." It forms the favourite nesting-ground of the common terns, and as the quarter-mile of its length is crossed, you will see the birds rise in numbers before you, fly well up aloft and then commence circling round and giving out continuously the thin, somewhat high-pitched and long-drawn "pee-e-rah-pee-e-rah," which forms their characteristic alarm note—a ready means of identification of the species when once the ears have become accustomed to it. As you pass away they will gradually resettle, and with field-glasses may be readily discerned thus early in their season



W. Bickerton.

THE POETRY OF FOSE.

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W. Bickerton. *RETURNING RELUCTANTLY TO HER DUTIES.*

Copyright.

scratching out their shallow nesting-holes in the short grass, and subsequently "breasting" them into shape by a slow rotatory movement of their bodies. In this process a touch of the comic is supplied by the efforts of the birds to maintain at a suitable angle of elevation their beautiful long tail feathers, lest these should by any chance come into contact with the ground just beyond their nesting-holes. In fact, the birds seem just as anxious about the safety of their tails as an old cock blackbird does when scratching for food among the autumn leaves and dew-drenched grass on the outskirts of a beech copse.

Now, if you observe closely, two sharp points of contrast between gulls and terns will force themselves upon you. Firstly, it will be noticed that the gulls, a number of whose nests you have just passed, prefer to make their nests along the highest ridges and the uppermost and central slopes of the adjacent sandhills; but that the common terns prefer, not exactly the lowest slopes, but just the area where these merge gradually into the central level area already mentioned, and where the long marram grass is beginning to be replaced by the grassy turl. All round this fringing intermediate area nests may be found from the middle of June onwards by the score or the hundred, as also, though not quite so numerously, all across the level, grassy area just described. Secondly, you cannot fail to notice that where a mixed crowd of gulls and terns "take the air" together, they almost immediately sort themselves out into separate and distinct layers. A stratum of wildly whirling gulls occupies a space perhaps from 20ft. to 50ft. above your head, and then up above these the stratum of common terns "holds the air" for another vertical distance of 20ft. or 30ft. Both my companion and myself noted and remarked upon this strange separation of species time after time as we crossed the area where the respective nesting sites merged into each other. In 1907, I was able

to pay a second visit to the ternery during the last few days of June and the first few days of July, and I then found that, whereas the Sandwich terns had all but entirely finished their season, and the gulls were in the final stages of theirs, the common terns were just in the midst of their nesting operations, and their "area" presented a scene of great bustle and animation. To attempt to take a census of the colony would have been an all but impossible task. But on July 2nd, 1907, I just took a stroll round a portion of their nesting quarters and noted down the number of nests I passed and the eggs contained in these. In all — and without any attempt to be exhaustive in the matter — I noted 232 nests, which contained 371 eggs. A rough analysis of these gave the following interesting result:

No. of Nests.	No. of Eggs.
102 nests contained 1 egg each	102
121 " " 2 eggs "	242
9 " " 3 " "	27
<hr/>	<hr/>
232	371

These particulars do not bear out the statement usually given in the text-books that the "normal clutch" of eggs laid by the common tern is three, for on the occasion when my figures were noted down the nesting season was quite at its height, and



EGGS OF SANDWICH, COMMON AND LESSER TERN.

practically all the eggs were being incubated. On the other hand, it is only fair to state that when I paid my final visit to the ternery on July 7th not a single young bird was hatched out. The elementary principles of variation in the individuals

of a species can nowhere be better or more easily studied than in a large concourse of birds such as is congregated together in one of our busy nurseries of sea-fowl. Even a little casual observation is sufficient to show that the range of variation is a very wide one, and this, whether one regards the sites of the nests, their materials and surroundings, or the number of eggs and their differences both as to ground colour and markings. And it is an easy step backwards to correlate such externally-expressed differences of habit with corresponding differences in internal organisation and structure, and to conclude that no two birds (like no two human beings) are exactly alike "in all their works and ways." In the matter of nesting sites, most of these, as has already been stated, were found to be on the short, close-cropped grass; but many others were to be seen in the longer grass, some on the bare sand, others, again, on ground which is half sand, half shingle, and others, yet again, on a bank of pure gravel or even of large stones. Many



W. Bickerton.

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT.

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nests have absolutely nothing in the way either of material or structure; but, on the other hand, nests of considerable bulk—for terns—may be found, consisting of quantities of dried grass loosely interwoven and straggling almost a foot outwards from the centre of the nest. A nest here consists of a few dried leaves of ragwort, another there of a few dried grass-blades, a third of the freshly-plucked leaves of silver-weed. In one place a nest was seen to consist of nothing more than a ring of stones—a material more often used by the lesser tern, the oyster-catcher and the ringed plover—while a most exceptional one was made of dried fir twigs, some of them half an inch thick, arranged roughly along three triangular lines crossing at the ends, the eggs being deposited in the centre. I do not mean to suggest that the birds had actually brought these twigs over from the mainland to serve as nest-building material. They were the remnants of fir branches placed on the level spaces among the sandhills to provide cover for the rabbits. Passing next to the eggs, the range of variation in these both as to ground colour and markings is nothing less than remarkable. Speaking generally, the ground colour is darker, duller and therefore less reflective of the light than is that either of the Sandwich tern or the lesser tern. Consequently it is less well adapted for showing off the markings of the eggs, and these eggs are much less beautiful and attractive than those of the other two species. This point is well shown in the third photograph. In this, a typical egg of the Sandwich tern (on the left), one of the common tern (in the centre) and one of the lesser tern (on the right) were simply placed on the grass and photographed in order to show at a glance the differences not only of size, but of ground colour, markings and general appearance as well. With regard to the markings, these in rare instances were almost as fine as "pepper-dust" and almost equally distributed over the surface of the shell, while at the other extreme the markings formed a continuous zone of thick, dark, interfusing blotches almost covering one-third of the shell from the thicker end. Between these extremes all intermediate gradations could be seen. Having photographed a representative series of nests and eggs, I turned my attention to the birds themselves, for I was anxious to depict the common tern "at home." A few days previously, my hiding-place—a large crate such as is used for packing crockery and thickly "drawn" with dark green fir branches—had been placed near one of the nests, and the birds, having become thoroughly accustomed to its presence and appearance, did not display much timidity after I had once disappeared from view in the interior and screened myself off in the rear by a series of larger branches left for the purpose. From this shelter I was enabled, during the course of a couple of mornings' patient waiting and watching, to make a series of attempts at the home portraiture of my bird, and to allow her to pose before me both in action and at rest. After being disturbed, she would at first fly wildly round, and on returning would alight several feet back from the nest, sometimes walking right up to her eggs without the least show of hesitation

or fear. At other times, however, she would "hang back" for a considerable period before her confidence was restored. On one occasion she remained in the background longer than her partner thought desirable, and, his promptings failing to inspire her with the necessary "go," he had no option but to run on himself towards the nest, in the hope that example might achieve what precept had failed to do. His ruse was successful: she followed for a space; he paused: she then ran past him right up to the nest and settled down to her duties, while he maintained his "strategic position in the rear." As soon as she was



W. Bickerton.

SECURING HER BALANCE.

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easy, he flew away and left her on the nest. The second photograph shows this interesting little incident—he in the background, she just about to settle on the eggs. It was the only occasion within the two days that I had both birds at the nest together. At other times she settled in different positions, now giving me an almost full-face portrait, and, again, allowing me a full-length side view as in the fourth picture. In this illustration a minor though interesting point of differentiation between the common, Arctic and roseate terns is well shown. In the common tern the long, pointed wings (crossed near the ends)

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are, roughly speaking, just about equal in length to the long outer feathers of the tail. But in the Arctic tern these corresponding tail feathers are longer than the wings, while in the rare and beautiful roseate tern they are very much longer; in fact, the extreme length of the tail feathers is one of the chief points in the "schedule of identification" of the roseate tern. But to return. As the confidence of my sitter increased she began to alight after flight nearer and nearer to the nest, until finally she "came to earth" right at the edge of it. Thus I was enabled to see, to admire, and to photograph at short distance, what is to me one of the chief glories of these lovely sea-swallows, to wit, their long, powerful and beautiful wings—beautiful alike in their shape, their proportions, their contour, their buoyancy, their pose and, not least so, in the dazzling whiteness of their sunlit under-parts. My readers may judge for themselves from the other illustrations as to whether I have "over-painted the picture." When a tern (or a gull) alights after flight its widely-extended wings naturally form the chief balancing forces used to arrest flight and to help in securing firm foothold on the ground. For a very brief space of time, therefore, *i.e.*, while the bird is securing its balance, they remain extended and practically at rest in their extended position. This fractional portion of a second is the bird photographer's chance, and should he fumble or hesitate he is assuredly "lost" for that particular pose and picture.



W. Bickerton.

THE BEAUTY OF WHITE WINGS.

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And it may interest and perhaps assist my "brothers of the camera" to know that for the four exposures which produced these interesting pictures, my focal-plane shutter was set at the 1-100sec. and my lens was working at f/11.

THE INSURANCE OF LIVESTOCK.

In view of the necessities of those small holders brought into existence by the recent Act, the Board of Agriculture has done well to publish in the November number of its Journal a full account of the methods in which livestock can be insured. In the past, accidents to stock have proved almost invariably fatal to the prosperity of little men. A farmer practically living from hand to mouth, at any rate, cannot stand a succession of such accidents. We know of a very worthy man who, only last year, had to give up his farm just for this reason. He had been a farm steward in the North of England, and from that position at about the age of fifty had been able to take a holding of some 200 acres; he was just getting out of his difficulties when last year a succession of fatalities befel him. Two of his best cows fell ill and died, a horse broke its leg, disease showed itself among his pigs and there were one or two minor misfortunes. An old proverb says that "it never rains but it pours," and one calamity of this kind is very often followed by another. The conclusion of this case was that the poor man had to give up his attempt at farming and go back to labour. The object of insuring livestock is to obtain protection against occurrences of this kind. One of the oldest forms of insurance is the mutual one practised in cow and pig clubs. In 1905 the Board of Agriculture ascertained that there were 1,021 pig clubs in England. At one time probably the cow clubs did not fall far short of that number, but of recent years they have decreased. Some of them have lasted a long time. In Shropshire one was established in 1838, and in 1907 had 518 members and a reserve fund of £997. Another cow club in the same county dates from 1842, and with 206 members has accumulated a reserve fund of £1,440. The oldest of the registered societies is one at Ormskirk in Lancashire, which dates from 1807. A similar kind of mutual help is given at Winterslow in Wiltshire, where the funds accumulated by the small owners are available as loans to those who are in need and are approved by the community. The point raised by the Board of Agriculture is that, owing to the extension of allotments and small holdings, it may be advisable to increase the number of such societies, and the methods are duly set forth. A livestock insurance society can be arranged by a number of people between themselves without any formal registration. But the Friendly Societies' Act in 1896 provided for the optional registration of societies called in that Act Cattle Insurance Societies. It is well to remember that the mere fact of a society being registered affords no guarantee whatever of its solvency. The only advantage claimed for a registered society is that it must be, to comply with the law,

governed by certain salutary rules. Generally speaking, those who enter into this mutual arrangement prefer that the society should not be registered, and, as a matter of fact, at the latest date for which figures were available—December 31st, 1906—there were only fifty-seven of these societies registered under the Friendly Societies' Act. In each there seem to have been about eighty-four members, and the payments in the course of the year amounted to £2,150, or about £25 each. Those who would prefer to have their society registered, however, may like to know that no fee is charged for registration. The best way to form a society is obviously to begin by confining it within a certain area. Those who are engaged in the same pursuits can thus join together and get up a fund for the purpose of making good any accidental loss. They will probably all know each other thoroughly well, and so be able to protect themselves against anything in the shape of fraud. As a rule it is best for such a society to avoid the insurance of very valuable animals—such, indeed, as the average small holder is not likely to possess. They should not become responsible for pedigree horses or cattle, but confine themselves to a guarantee applied to the ordinary stock kept by a small farmer. The rate of compensation varies with the club; in some the full value is allowed up to £10, but in others something less than the full value is guaranteed, and the latter course is the one recommended by the Board. Compensation in the event of compulsory slaughter is also awarded, the amount being the difference between the value of the animals killed and the amount paid by the local authorities. Some clubs undertake to pay the fees of a veterinary surgeon at times of illness, provided that the society itself authorises the sick animals being attended to. The method of raising funds is commonly by an entrance fee and an annual subscription for each animal; but in addition to this a charge is made for examining and entering the stock. It is very essential that this should be done most carefully. We are told that "from the experience of a large number of societies in Bavaria, insuring in all over half a million animals, chiefly cattle, a premium of 1½ per cent. of the insured value, or 3s. for every £10, has proved on the average sufficient." If the club be registered, it is required by the Friendly Societies' Act that the surplus funds should be invested, and this is a very good plan to be followed by those clubs which are not registered. The reserve in the club is as valuable to the small holder as a good balance at the bank. The description of a typical society is given which, perhaps, will help the small holder to understand the working. The particular society referred to has a president, a vice-president, secretary, treasurer, marker and a valuing committee of three members. The business of the president is "to keep order during meeting hours, impose fines and see justice done between each member and the Society." Every animal entered is branded on the horn, if it have a horn, on the foot if it has not, by the marker, and the business of the valuing committee is to determine the value in the case of illness or death. The society allows the members to employ any veterinary surgeon whom they please. If a member's cow falls ill two or three of the valuing committee go at once to see it. As soon as they have done so and appraised



W. Bickerton.

THE COMMON TERN: A BEAUTIFUL POISE.

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its value it becomes the property of the society, and the committee can order it to be slaughtered, or dispose of it otherwise. The committee fixes the full value of the cow as a healthy animal, and of this sum the owner can receive 75 per cent., or 15s. in the £. Anyone wishing to become a member of the society has to be proposed at a quarterly meeting. He pays an entrance fee of 2s. 6d. for the first cow, and 1s. for each subsequent cow. The subscription is 6s. per annum for each cow, payable in monthly instalments, and the cost of marking is 6d. per cow. Thus after the first year the cost of insuring three cows would be 18s., irrespective of the value of the cow. The majority of the members have from one to two cows, while some have three or four, or even six, cows insured. It is found that about 3 per cent. of the insured cows die during the year, milk fever being the principal cause of death. The society at the beginning made a mistake by admitting any sort of cow. A few persons paid and entered old cows of little value and claimed average value at death. The practice was stopped by the adoption of a rule that no cow would be accepted for insurance which had had more than two calves. Again, if the marker has reason to suspect that any cow is diseased, he is not allowed to mark it without the concurrence of the valuing committee. It will be seen that no difficulty attaches to the formation of a pig or poultry club in any cluster of small holdings.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE YEAR.

FROM the standpoint of the keen amateur camera-owner one of the chief events of the winter is the appearance of that indispensable annual, "Photograms of the Year" (Dawbarn and Ward). The new volume, which lies before

us, and which treats of the pictorial work of 1908, is in many ways even more interesting than its twelve predecessors. For 1908 has been a year of many small, but not insignificant, developments in the art of photography. It has seen a sudden "boom" in the wonderful new oil-printing process—a process almost limitless in its possibilities, and appealing with odd equality to the technician and the impressionist. It has witnessed the enthusiastic adoption of the autochrome colour-plate by such fastidious workers as Baron de Meyer, Edouard Steichen and Heinrich Kuhn, men for whom a mere scientific toy would have no conceivable attraction. And, finally, it has been noteworthy for the holding of a series of exhibitions really unprecedented in their distinction, from the De Meyer-Coburn spring show at the Goupil Gallery, the British show at Shepherd's Bush, the American Salon at Pall Mall, and the rival Salon des Refusés at Long Acre, to the present Portsmouth exhibition, some pictures from the walls of which are here reproduced. These occurrences are duly chronicled in the pages of "Photograms of the Year," together with much valuable photographic news from Germany, Austria, Spain, Canada, South Africa and Australia. The letterpress of the volume, however, is of minor importance compared with its illustrations, which, as the title of the book implies, claim to be the pick of the camera pictures produced in the last twelve months. The claim is, roughly speaking, a just one. The really first-flight workers who are omitted might be numbered on the fingers of one hand. A proportion of second-grade material is, of course, included; but this is hardly avoidable in a book the range of which is international and its editing catholic and impartial. We can congratulate the compiler of this annual on his choice of photographs—or "photograms," as he calls them, correctly, perhaps, but a little pedantically—as well as on the skill with which they are reproduced.

A very large proportion of the illustrations in the new "Photograms of the Year" are reproductions of oil or bromoil prints. As we have already said, 1908 has been an "oil" year. At all the exhibitions except the Salon oil prints have been strikingly to the fore; and, naturally enough, the question, "How are they done?" has been asked by many lay visitors. To describe the process in any detail would scarcely be feasible; but a hasty outline of it may be given. An oil print, then, is made upon gelatine-coated paper, sensitised with bichromate of potash. When exposed under a negative those parts of the gelatine which are



A. Marshall.

A VENETIAN NOCTURNE.
From the Portsmouth Exhibition.

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A. Keighley.

THE GLADE.
Exhibited at the photographic Salon des Refusés.

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affected by the light become hard and insoluble. If the print is now placed in water, the unexposed parts of the gelatine swell up, absorbing the liquid, while the exposed parts absorb none. In a landscape picture, for example, the sky, which is white, will be found to have swollen up, while a tree, silhouetted against it, has taken up no water at all. Hence the sky will be (more or less) "wet" when the print is removed from its bath, while the tree is (more or less) "dry." Apply oil paint to the print and it will be repelled by the wet patches—water repels oil, of course—and will adhere to the dry ones. Thus we shall quite automatically create a picture of a tree, the image being formed of pure and indestructible pigment. The sky, to which no pigment has been able to adhere, remains blank. In practice an enormous degree of hand alteration is possible. Clouds, for example, could be "faked" into our blank sky, or unsightly tree branches deliberately omitted. The

seascapes, have often appeared in these pages. Adopting bromoil, his style has completely changed. No one who sees his Dutch scene, "The Groote Kerk," at the present Belfast exhibition, or his simple "The Mill," reproduced in this issue, could at first glance recognise them as coming from the producer of last year's seascapes. They differ intrinsically from all his former work. And it is due to the flexibility and freshness of the process that they differ. There is a freedom of execution in oil printing which seems to inspire the manipulator not merely to attempt fresh effects, but to attack subjects which he had previously neglected. This makes for progress; and precisely because 1908 is an "oil year" it has been a year of progress.

Two oil prints are shown at Portsmouth by another well-known craftsman, Mr. Archibald Marshall, "Fish Wives" and "Nocturne." Both might readily be mistaken for wash-drawings by the uninitiated. Nevertheless, both are genuinely photo-



F. J. Mortimer.

THE GROOTE KERK.

From the Belfast Exhibition.

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power which the oil process gives to ambitious picture-makers is enormous; yet the fact remains that an oil print is primarily mechanical and its basis strictly photographic, however fanciful and like a painting its final garb. The bromoil process, which is a modification of the original invention, enables the photographer to do his printing by artificial illumination and to make direct enlargements. It may be mentioned that a text-book, "The Oil and Bromoil Processes," by F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., has just been published. Readers who care to examine these remarkable novelties are referred to it for fuller information. It is the first treatise which can be said to be exhaustive. Mr. Mortimer is himself one of those photographers for whom the year 1908 has been something of a landmark in this matter of oil printing. Hitherto he has been known for his magnificent mastery of the old bromide process; reproductions of his fine bromide enlargements, mostly of stormy

graphic in their origin. "Nocturne" is a Venetian scene, and it may be guessed that the brush and not the negative accounts for the distant gondola's lamp and its quivering reflection in the canal. "Fish Wives" similarly betrays traces of the interference of what Mr. Bernard Shaw characteristically terms "that clumsy tool, the human hand." How far this admixture of pure photography and unphotographic modification is legitimate is a problem which will only be settled at some remote future date. This year it begins to reach an acute stage, thanks to the temptations offered by the new printing process. Even 1908, however, finds a few of the foremost picture-makers still practising and perfecting the older and less controllable methods. Mr. Alex. Keighley, to mention only one, continues to show his broad and dignified "straight" enlargements, of which two fine specimens, "The Glade" and "The Sail-menders," are hung at Portsmouth. The former is a splendid example of quiet, unaffected English



J. Grah.

*THE MILL, YPRES.**From Royal Photographic Society's Exhibitions.*

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F. J. Mortimer.

THE MILL.
From the Belfast Exhibition.

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landscape photography, beautiful at once in technique and in competition; the latter is a model of what instantaneous—but not hasty—photography should be. Mr. Keighley, using a hand camera, never commits the fault of being harsh, so common in the snap-shots of less careful amateurs; his work is full of atmosphere and of suggestion. Among other outstanding photographs of 1908, Mr. James Gale's "The Mill, Ypres," should also be mentioned. We note that the critic of "Photograms" considers the high light on the tower a little forced, and we are inclined to think that he is right. Whether this print is an oil—and it is significant that a good oil is now exceedingly difficult to distinguish at first glance from one in almost any of the older mediums—or whether the control has been managed in, say, ozobrome or bromide by means of local modification on the negative, its author has been clearly influenced by the brilliant lessons in dramatic lighting shown by the late Mr. A. Horsley Hinton. Mr. Hinton's teaching will long continue to bear fruit in pictorial photography; and no *résumé* of the happenings of 1908 would be complete without an allusion to his loss, which leaves a gap hard indeed to fill.

Colour photography has advanced artistically rather than scientifically during 1908. New colour plates have been announced more than once, but none appears to have reached the commercial stage. The Lumière autochrome consequently still holds the field. "Impressionism" in autochrome work is, however, a distinctly new departure, for the popularisation of which—if it ever does become popular—this year's exhibition of the Linked Ring will be responsible. The autochromes shown at the New Gallery and at the Franco-British Exhibition, although of fine quality, were technically rather than aesthetically interesting. Coloured oil prints appeared at most of the exhibitions also, and are probably the forerunners of a fashion in photography which, in the meantime, must be received with the utmost caution. It is obviously the easiest thing in the world to build up the oil print's image in any hue which fancy may dictate, provided the pigment be obtainable; and, furthermore, to apply a limitless number of different pigments over the area of one and the same print. Thus green pigment may, at will, be applied to the grass, in a landscape photograph, blue pigment to the sky, and so on. The location of the pigments is purely arbitrary; and if the photographer be gifted with a turn for the whimsical, he may reverse the decision of Nature and make his sky green and his grass blue: no technical difficulty stands in his way. We do not say that any of the 1908 experimenters have gone to such an extreme as this; but their followers may be less restrained and less tasteful, and an orgy of hand-produced colour prints, at the 1909 shows, might do photography irreparable harm. The public will fail, inevitably, to make due allowance for the essential difference between "colour photographs" and "coloured photographs," and will lay the blame for the blue grass and the green sky on photography instead of on the photographer. An oil print does not cease to be a photograph when its maker has chosen to compound its image of a plurality of pigments; but

the placing of the pigments themselves is no more photography than the choice of the moulding in which the picture is framed. Oil printing, then, has its dangers to guard against during the coming twelve months, and critics must be on their guard.

WARD MUIR.

HEAD-DRESS IN FINISTÈRE.

THE coiffe or cap worn by the peasants of France, dates from the end of the sixth century. At this period the cap was merely a piece of linen rolled round the head in the shape of a turban, and for three hundred years the turban satisfied all exigencies, when it was transformed into a veil and called *couver-chef*. But in the thirteenth century a wave of coquetry seems to have passed over the country, and changed the simple head-dress into the complicated starched edifices, with the addition of strings and laces, still to be found in many of the



W. G. MEREDITH.

A VARIETY OF COIFFES.

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departments of France. In the Finistère, the typical part of Brittany where the coiffes are most varied, they are worn by rich and poor; and it is only on close inspection that the quality of the material differentiates one from the other. In many parts these coiffes are slowly disappearing, and but for the influence of the priests this picturesque fashion would have been lost long ago. Each town, village or hamlet has a distinct characteristic either in the strings or lace of the coiffes, or the manner of adjusting them. Broad bands of starched linen can be seen hanging in rows upon cords, stretching from one side to the other of the ironer's window, shapeless and uninteresting until the peasant girl pins them upon her head, her hair combed back from her forehead, completely hidden, as in Plougastel, where not only the coiffes but the customs are more curious than in any



THE DOUARNENEZ CAP.

other part of Brittany. It takes a woman from Plougastel as long to arrange her coiffe as it does a Parisienne to pin on her hat and veil. She first covers her hair with a kind of net; this she fixes with a band (*dalguin*), black, red or blue, according to her fancy; then she adjusts the linen (*dalleden*) with a piece of wood or metal (*bouleden*) to hold the headpiece; after this the two wide flaps of starched

linen are deftly pinned on the top of the cap, like wings, and the severe, nun-like headgear is complete. At church, on their wedding day, or when in mourning, the Plougastel women let these wing-like pieces hang loosely and tie the cap beneath the chin with the narrow strings which, as a rule, are only knotted on these occasions. Plougastel is particularly interesting to artists and students of folk-lore. In this quaint part of the world the



FROM PLOUGASTEL.

wedding and gala costumes of the rich peasantry are transmitted from mother to daughter, as are laces and jewels in modern families. It is a pretty idea that girls shall wear the same clothes as their mothers and grandmothers on their wedding day, and that the dress, with its embroideries, may, it is hoped, transmit the same sense of duty, the same desire to be as faithful wives and as good mothers, as those who preceded them. Weddings are, however, only officially

solemnised two months in the year, in January and February, when there are sometimes as many as forty couples in the little church awaiting their turn to be blessed; after the ceremony each wedding party—including relatives and friends—walks through the village, paying visits and making merry. The children are most picturesque in Florentine caps, which are in three pieces, embroidered in rich silk colourings, softened with two or three rows of lace, and worn over

a net like those of their elders. In this district the people are supposed to be descended from Greek settlers; the types are very pure. Their principal trade is in strawberries; the best part are sent to England and the remainder sold at the Brest market. The caps of the peasantry through this particular part of Brittany give a very fair indication of the character and temperament of the people. They are not all as severely austere as in Plougastel. In Quimper, Concarneau and Pont-Aven there is something lighter, more provoking, more feminine in the arrangement of the bands; they are narrower and less compact in these districts; the breeze disturbs them and the quick movements of the younger women give them something buoyant, something jaunty. Embroidery on filet, or thick netting, is peculiar to the Douarnenez cap, a close-fitting head-dress that becomes amplified on gala or wedding days by long embroidered ends that hang from the top of the coiffe far below the waist. These



THE BIGOUDÈNE.



FROM LA MARTYRE NEAR LANDERNEAU.

laces and embroideries are of great value. In the island of Ouessant (Finistère) the women are poetically called "The Swallows of the Sea." It is a desolate land, without trees, bristling with dangerous rocks, surrounded by treacherous currents; and the caps worn by the peasantry are appropriate to the rough climate. Very simple, free from all attempt at coquetry, without wings or trimming, they are placed tightly on the head and tied beneath the chin on the right side with black watered ribbon. In the neighbouring town of Brest, however, the Ouessant women are dubbed "Birds of Ill-omen," for their presence in the town denotes rain, as only a westerly wind can carry them safely from the island. Ouessant is one of the few places in Brittany where the coiffe does not cover the hair, which is worn long and is never sold to dealers, as in the adjoining districts. It is only when a strong wind blows that the Ouessantines are seen in full equipment. On those occasions they cover themselves with three-pointed shawls to face the inclement weather; and in their wardrobes shawls occupy a larger place than any other part of their dress. Dreary and wild as is the island to strangers, the Ouessantine women rarely or ever marry away from it. In fact, they lose caste if they do.

Finistère, the land of poetry and mystic faith, is rich in legends. The story of Yvonne, the little fifteen year old cowherd of Auray, is particularly typical. It happened at the time of the annual "Pardon," or Feast of St. Anne. Yvonne was eager to join the procession. But, alas, she was poor. She had no money to buy a coiffe. As she passed the stone Calvary, surmounted by the statue of the Virgin in its niche, a very ancient statue, dressed in a brocaded robe that had once been violet, the head covered with a long lace veil, Yvonne knelt on the kerb and prayed: "Holy Madonna! if thou wilt lend me thy veil to go to the Feast of St. Anne, I will never forget to pray to thee. I will fill thy niche with hawthorn in spring and white roses in autumn. . . ." She culled a branch of wild roses and placed them on the edge of the statue. Walking with her cows along the path that led to the farm, she suddenly saw the air full of gossamer thread. It fell in such quantities as almost to obstruct the road. Yvonne stopped to pluck the feathery calyx of a dandelion in seed. She blew softly upon it, saying, "Shall I go to the Fête of Auray?" And her joy was great to find nothing but the stem remaining. Beamingly happy she arrived at the farm. "Child!" said the farmer's wife, "where did you get that wonderful head-dress? You look like the Madonna of the Calvary!" Yvonne raised her hand and removed a light coiffe of lace, woven with gossamer thread, edged with stars, worked with the feathery calyx she had blown away. From that day all the girls of Auray wear caps called the "Coiffe de la Madonne," as light and transparent as gossamer, since called "Les fils de la Vierge."

FRANCES KEYZER.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, par Georges Lenôtre. (Perrin et Cie.)

READERS of M. Georges Lenôtre's "Old Houses, Old Papers," will be rejoiced to hear that, abandoning the prevailing anecdotic manner of his earlier volumes, he has now given us a serious historical work, dealing with the French Revolution and throwing a flood of light upon the Terror, which was its most sanguinary and in many respects most mysterious phase. All those to whom the history of the French Revolution appeals, whether on account of its unrivalled dramatic interest or by reason of family associations—and their number is constantly increasing—will welcome this book. M. Georges Lenôtre has not sought to retell the story of the Revolution. That has been done by masterly lips, and there is little to be added to it which can affect its main outline. The author, like M. Frederic

Masson, belongs to the corporation of historical *Brocanteurs*. What attracts him most is the bric-à-brac of history, its old clothes, its crumbling furniture, the surviving vestiges of what was once an atmosphere. He has now endeavoured to reconstitute the Palais de Justice, where so many noble and innocent souls were condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to show us how it looked when the solemn courts, formerly occupied by the Daguesseaus and the Lamoignons, had been taken possession of by Herman and his ruffianly colleagues, with their *dame démunie*, Fouquier Tinville. The most extraordinary figure in this sanguinary band was undoubtedly that of Fouquier Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, who could congratulate himself, shortly after having entered upon his functions, that "heads were falling like stones," and it is his portrait which M. Georges Lenôtre has drawn with the most vividness. There have been efforts made to whitewash Fouquier Tinville, just as was done in England some time ago for his eighteenth century prototype, Judge Jeffreys, but the light in which M. Georges Lenôtre now shows him is of a kind that no sophistry can obscure. The man stands out in his true colours as a bloodthirsty madman, who seems to have signed a veritable pact with Death. We see him as a human vampire, a tigrish fiend, revelling in cruelty. He is far more interesting pathologically than historically. Disappointed ambition, social and moral failure in early life, and the consequent financial ruin which prevented him from satisfying his vicious instincts, had, no doubt,



W. G. MEREDITH.

PLOUGASTEL TYPES.

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turned his brain. He belonged to the most dangerous and unscrupulous of all types—that of the revengeful raté. From his youth onwards he had been on bad terms with life. Like others of the Revolutionary leaders, he was by birth a nobleman and by profession a man of the law. His father, who died when Antoine Fouquier de Tinville was only thirteen years of age, was "seigneur of Hérouel and other places," and left a considerable fortune to his widow and her five children. But she was apparently so mean that Antoine scarcely had the necessary clothes to his back. Articled when twenty years of age to a *procureur*, or solicitor, in Paris, Antoine was constrained to write to his mother a curious letter, which M. Georges

Lenôtre publishes for the first time, bitterly complaining of the dilapidated state of his wardrobe. In a package which his brother Quentin had brought him from the country, he is surprised to find that there is neither the *robe de chambre*, which he had asked her for, nor the shirts, nor the *rhodinguette*. He had already explained to his mother in his last letter that the only three shirts he possessed were entirely worn out with respect both to the body and the cuffs, and she had promised him the year before to send him two new ones. "It is *constant*," he says, using the legal phrase which is equivalent to "obvious," that he cannot go without a shirt, and he would like to know with what money it is to be bought. He needs the *robe de chambre* to protect himself from the cold, for his own has holes in it, and he has no material with which to patch it, and, moreover, it no longer has a lining. It is indispensable that from seven in the morning till nine at night he should be either clothed or unclothed. He wants the *rhodinguette* to wear as an overcoat in the cold weather, and not to cut a figure in the street with. He implores his mother to send him these garments without delay or to remit to him the money with which to buy them. His last letter appears to have received no reply, but in the hope that on this occasion her heart will prove less obdurate, he signs himself as having "the honour to be, with the most respectful veneration and respect, Madame and very dear Mother, your very humble and very submissive son, Fouquier Tinville." No doubt the mother was aware of her son's dissipated and gambling habits, which he seems to have formed about this time. A year later, however, she lends him 15,000 livres (francs) out of the heritage which is to come to him from his father, and with a further sum of 12,000 livres, lent him in exchange for an annuity of 200 livres, by an aristocratic priest, the Abbé Collier de la Morlière, he purchases his master's business and enters the honourable corporation of the "Procureur du Châtelet." He is a clever though quite unscrupulous lawyer, and in eighteen months has made a profit of 15,000 livres. This encourages him to marry, and the bride he selects is his own first cousin, Dorothée Saugnier. Pope Pius VI. grants the necessary dispensation, and for seven years, until Dorothée dies in child-birth, Fouquier de Tinville leads a happy and prosperous life. Four months after his wife's death he has married again, and from this moment his social decline begins. He resigns in less than a year from this date his functions as a *procureur*, "out of disgust" is his own explanation, but there are good reasons for believing that the resignation was forced on him by his colleagues on account of dishonest practices. His fortune, which by this time had reached the sum, considerable for those times, of 150,000 livres, is rapidly engulfed in shady speculations, gambling and debauchery. Hunted from lodging to lodging by hungry creditors, he is reduced to the lowest expedients to gain a scanty livelihood. The outbreak of the Revolution proves his salvation, as it did for so many rascals of the same kidney. He becomes a "patriot" and seeks to obtain a post as registrar to the new Court of Cassation; but the times are not quite ripe for his professional rehabilitation. It is only after the fall of the Monarchy that his chance comes. With characteristic effrontery and dishonesty he claims a fictitious relationship with Camille Desmoulins, who is the hero of the hour, and solicits his protection. "His dear parent," as he calls him, gives a favourable ear to his request, and secures for him an appointment as "director of the jury" with the new Criminal Tribunal. In less than eighteen months Camille Desmoulins is sent to the guillotine after a passionate denunciation from this same "dear parent," Fouquier Tinville, who has

of over 1,300 innocent people, was heightened by the industrious mania displayed by Fouquier Tinville for heaping up long legally worded documents and insisting upon all the tiresome formalities of French law being carried out with the utmost exaggeration of red tape. This added a special and peculiar element of mockery to the abominable proceedings, and procured a new source of employment for Fouquier Tinville. The aberration thus revealed lasted with him till the end, for on his way to the guillotine, after the collapse of the Terror, he insisted that the accurate legal formalities with which his shocking work had been accomplished relieved him from all stain of personal blood-guiltiness.

And in his prison, writing to his wife, though he does not disguise from her that he has very little chance of an acquittal, he none the less contends that if the jury be composed of men of probity, which is, he fears, unlikely, his innocence cannot fail to be triumphantly demonstrated. M. Georges Lenôtre proves one interesting fact—that Fouquier Tinville, though openly professing the official atheism of the times, was extremely superstitious. During

the trial of Marie Antoinette, when his abominable lust for cruelty was more fiendishly displayed than, perhaps, on any other occasion, he wore concealed under his shirt a medal of the Virgin, which was among the effects of his last surviving daughter after her death at Saint-Quentin in 1856. It was found wrapped up in a piece of paper, and bore the inscription: "He had it round his neck when he procured the condemnation of the widow Capet," a turn of phrase which shows that Fouquier Tinville's descendants were worthy of their sire. The portrait of Fouquier Tinville is M. Georges Lenôtre's most masterly effort. In addition, his book is an important contribution to the history of French legal administration, the traditions of which, even in the stormiest times, were never entirely lost sight of.

ROWLAND STRONG.

CONCARNEAU HEAD-DRESS.



AN OUSSANT COIFFE.

become the public accuser. "Better than anyone else," says M. Georges Lenôtre, "the ex-procureur must have enjoyed the revenge of destiny as he walked up the flight of steps leading to the Palais de Justice, every nook and corner of which he knew, and where for nine years past he had only been able to sneak in as an intruder. Now he could move about at his ease without any fear of meeting the former colleagues whom he had separated from 'out of disgust.' Of them the majority were wandering about Paris, in their turn, hunted and in flight." Fouquier Tinville (he has long ago dropped the nobiliary "de" from his name) enters the Palace of Justice like a conqueror. His arrival is coincident with the massacre by the mob of the prisoners confined in the dungeons of the Palace, and from that moment mob-law rules, and it is Fouquier Tinville's business and delight to give it legal form and phraseology, for the sanguinary tribunal of the Terror was composed of unfrocked priests, ex-marquises, valets and Bohemians of all kinds; but Fouquier Tinville was the only man of law concerned in its decisions. The grim horror of its operations, which involved the slaughter



CONCARNEAU HEAD-DRESS.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HOLLY.

THE great fruit and flower market in Covent Garden is at the present time full of activity. We are approaching the festival of Christmas, and the Holly is in evidence. Soon will follow the Spruce or Christmas tree and the Mistletoe. Our native Holly is seen in both large and small gardens, but, as a well-known arboriculturist once said, "We can hardly be reminded too often of its great importance and value in the home plantations or woodland fringes of well-kept grounds." It is a mistake, where the conditions are not absolutely congenial, to try to acclimatise foreign trees of doubtful hardiness, beautiful and desirable as they may be, like some of the tender conifers. It is useless to battle against climate and soil when loss of precious time is too likely to be the only and most disappointing result. Far better to be content with well-assured success than risk failure while such grand material of indigenous growth lies ready to hand. It matters little in which country our lot may be cast, Holly will give us no qualms—it is equally happy north or south in our British Isles. It will thrive in any soil, rich or poor, bog only excepted, and when fully established is afraid of neither wind nor frost nor scorching summer heat. It is scarcely too much, indeed, to say in its favour that no evergreen tree of temperate climes can surpass—even if it can equal—a well-grown example of this common English tree. No wonder then that our most skilful growers should have given their best efforts to produce new varieties and hybrids, some of which are of remarkable beauty, as may be seen in such a nursery as that of Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray of Sheffield. Many of these are admirably adapted for the semi-cultivated woodland which often goes by the name of the Wilderness, when

the natural growth is partly cleared to make room for specimens of flowering shrubs and trees of suitable character. But for the woodland proper, we want nothing better than the sort with which kind Nature has provided us.

The Holly is so essentially a tree which may be associated with others, notwithstanding its integral beauty, that its somewhat slow maturing is considerably atoned for. We can afford to wait for its full effect. A most essential point—too often overlooked in all kinds of plants—is to allow plenty of room for later development. Whether the Hollies are destined for single specimens, or are grouped in clumps, it is well to place them in the company of quicker-growing but less worthy nurse trees, which can be taken away without compunction when they have served their purpose.

The woodland may be composed mainly of Oak or Chestnut or Larch, or a mixture of all three, yet we can make no mistake in planting Hollies without stint among them, and especially on the outskirt of the plantation. Their glossy persistent greenery contrasts well with all kinds of deciduous trees, whether in leafy summer or bare-boughed winter, and gives a sense of solid comfort and prosperity, which seems somehow to belong to no other growing thing. We take it for granted when we come upon Hollies well placed and well cared for in a roadside plantation that we are within the precincts of a well-ordered English home. There is a popular notion—we will not call it a fallacy, because there is, no doubt, sound sense and shrewd observation to vouch for it—that nothing will grow under the Beech. Exception, perhaps, may prove the rule; but passing not long since through a fine belt of trees skirting a park, chiefly of Beech of splendid proportions, the vigorous undergrowth was remarkable. Fine clumps here and there had been placed with excellent judgment among the Beeches, and gave ample evidence of being not only content, but also in perfect accord with their environment. These were, of course, spreading bushes rather than trees, yet it might be well to stow away in our memories the fact that the Beech need not always be inimical to the Holly, but that they may be planted together where it is desirable to do so. In the case alluded to, the nature of the site may have been a potent factor, as it was evidently rich enough to support an exhausting tree like the hungry Beech. We think of the glistening green of the Holly and its wealth of crimson berries at this season of the year.

A BRITISH FERN SOCIETY.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. C. T. Druery, 11, Shaa Road, Acton, concerning a proposed Fern society, and no one has a better acquaintance with hardy Ferns than this enthusiast in their culture and forms: "Although the British Pteridological Society established at Kendal has done good service as a centre of the British Fern cult for many years, there is no doubt that its purely local character militates against its wider usefulness and that, now our beautiful and, in many cases, unique British Ferns are becoming

popular, a society on a more extended basis is desirable. The object of such a society should embrace a periodical publication describing and illustrating new 'finds' and fresh developments in cultural selection, and also providing such general data as may assist the amateur in growing and propagating and acquiring a knowledge of what is being done generally in this particular direction. In the United States there are several societies devoted to indigenous Ferns and their varietal forms, and periodical publications are issued, with contributions from inside and outside sources, which are very interesting. In Great Britain the only periodical issued is the brief annual report of the society named, although the amount of material in the British Isles is, from the varietal point of view, inexhaustible, the comparatively few species having yielded several thousand distinct varieties, which are constantly being added to by fresh discoveries of wild sports or new developments under culture. Under these circumstances the writer would be glad to hear from admirers of the hardy Fern by a simple post-card in order to judge whether such a society is practicable on the basis of a moderate subscription sufficient to cover printing and other expenses incidental to the programme indicated." Mr. Druery is the author of two well-known books on his favourite subject, "The Book of British Ferns" (Newnes) and "Choice British Ferns" (Upcott Gill).

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

Writing of societies reminds us of the extraordinary vitality of that devoted to the queen of flowers, called the National Rose Society. The annual dinner and meeting will take place on December 10th, when a large gathering may be expected under the new president, the Rev. F. Page-Roberts, Rector of Strathfieldsaye, Mortimer. No less than 730 members have joined this year, and the list numbers between 3,000 and 4,000 enthusiastic growers of the Rose. The exhibitions are always a delight and the great annual tournament of Roses in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, is looked forward to with the keenest interest; and it is not surprising that the society should be so progressive considering the value the members obtain for the one-guinea subscription. Not only are there the three shows, but numerous publications on various phases of Rose culture.

A LATE SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWER-BORDER.

In answer to "S.," we advise him to consult Miss Jekyll's recently-published "Colour in the Flower Garden," where borders for all seasons are delightfully described. There is one point to be remembered, and that is, as this great gardening authority wrote some time ago, it is well to remember from the beginning that it is impossible to have the border in full beauty for the whole of the flower year. It is therefore necessary to consider which are the months when the best show is most desired, and to arrange for an effect in just those months.

ROSES LATE IN THE YEAR.

We were in the Royal Gardens, Kew, a few days ago, and were astonished at the beauty of the Roses so late in November. The Teas and hybrids raised of recent years have given a fresh beauty to the garden and woodland, and many of the most beautiful forms in these sections brought one back to summer days. There is a certain limpness about the flowers in the early morning, especially after a night of mist and damp, but with the sunshine the flowers shake off the dew and regain their fragrance and colour. Viscountess Folkes one, G. Nabonnand (the most beautiful Rose in the Tea group), Mme. Abel Chatenay, Liberty, Grace Darling, Mme. Jules Grolez, Mrs. W. J. Grant, Camoens, Corallina, La France, Sulphurea and La Tosca—these were flowering freely.

C.

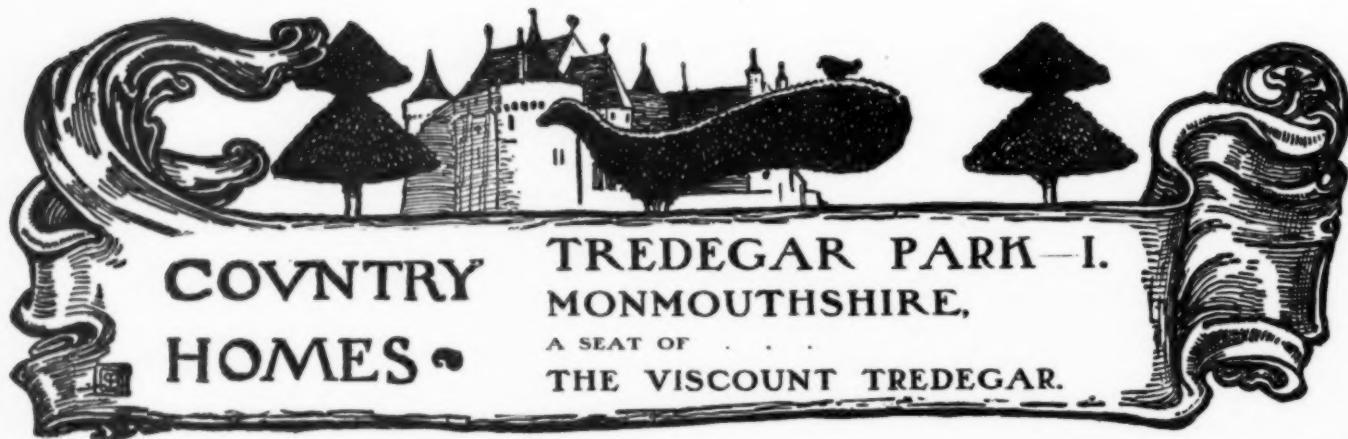
TO CHRISTINA AND KATHARINE AT CHRISTMAS.

*Now Christmas is a porter's-rest whereon to set his load;
And Christmas was a blessed bed for One who loved her God.
And Christmas is a chiming bell to ships upon the sea
That decks the shrouds and lights the ports and tolls for Memory—
But Christmas is a meeting-place
For you and me.*

God send your hearts may never grow so old
As to forget that this day Mary's lips
First touched her young Child's brow: and may your eyes
Not ever grow too cold to recognize
How to poor men and women these days bear
A gift of rest. Pray that the gentle air
Give relaxation to a myriad ships.
And, oh my little ones may no December
See Christmas come and me no longer dear
To your dear hearts and voices.—This remember:

*How Christmas is the pardon day when justice drops its load
And is the lily-blossomed field where Jesus walks with God.
Now Saints set foot upon the waves to still the yeasty sea
And other Saints to hurdled sheep give comfort patiently.
Now all good men beside their hearths call upon Memory:
Now, now comes in the meeting-time
For you and me!*

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.



NEAR Cefn Mably, which formed the subject of last week's "Country Home," lie Machen and Ruperra, both old estates of the Morgans. They are, like Cefn Mably, situated in the Vale of the Rhymney, but Tredegar, the chief seat and the most ancient inheritance of the family, lies a few miles eastward, and is watered by the river Ebbw. The portion of the park of Tredegar that lies north of the high road from Newport to Cardiff is hilly enough, and the site of an ancient camp reaches an elevation of 200ft. above the sea-level. But the southern part of the park lies low, for it stretches down into the rich and carefully-drained levels which form a green ribbon between the hill-land and the water. It is in this portion that Tredegar House stands. It is a place of ancient inhabitance, and is in a district where lofty spurs as well as strong walls were generally considered needful by mediæval lords of manors. Strong walls Tredegar may once have had, but its natural defences, if it had such, must have been those of water and not of rock. All these, however, are gone. The last great civil strife was over when the present house was built, and, though older portions are incorporated, it is a splendid example of a great country house built soon after Charles II. came to his own, and it retains in a marked degree the style and the character of the English work of that time. It stands on an estate that is never known to have been bought or sold, but has ever continued in the same blood since we have the first mention of it—and, indeed, for a period of unknown length before that. Llewelyn ap Ivor, Lord of St. Clear, married Angharad, the daughter and heiress of Sir Morgan

ap Meredith of Tredegar. That is the earliest extant record, but for how long before that Sir Morgan—who died while Edward III. was king—and his ancestors had held Tredegar, or how they got it, are points that are hidden in the mists and uncertainties which envelop the early descent of Welsh families and the devolution of their estates. Not that these mists and uncertainties have stood in the way of the production of fully-grown family trees rooting down into the abyss of time. For were not Welsh genealogies a matter for Welsh bards to deal with, and what higher quality can a bard have than imaginativeness? And so we hear that Coxe, when he was preparing his "Tour in Monmouthshire" in 1800, found that "fanciful genealogists derive the origin of the Morgans from the third son of Noah," and that the only matter in dispute—and that seems to have been made a racial question between English and Welsh—was whether it was indeed Japheth, and not in truth Ham, who was their forefather. Even the less fanciful bards who went no further back than "Beli one of the British" are condemned by Burke, as a rule no stickler for dull proven descents, but who in this case expresses the most just opinion that "A family so indisputably ancient and so distinguished in the songs of the national bards, will gain little by attempts to dive into the depths of a past that is unfathomable." We are, therefore, not allowed to go back further than Cadivor-fawr, and even of him nothing is known except that he was a chieftain in Dyfed, died in 1089 and was reputed to have had five sons, of whom Bledri, the third, was the ancestor of the Morgans. Seventh in descent from Bledri is placed Llewelyn ap Ivor, whose marriage with Angharad added the Monmouthshire estate of Tredegar to his lordship of St. Clear in



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NORTH-WEST GATE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DOORWAY INTO THE HALL.

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NORTH FRONT.

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THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PART OF NORTH-WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Carmarthenshire. From that time forward all is simple and certain enough, for the Morgans are among the very few South Wales families who have been careful of their records; and in the late Charles Octavius Morgan, uncle to the present Lord Tredegar, they produced an antiquary of distinction who did much to elucidate archaeological questions not merely connected with his own descent, but with the past history of the lands of Gwent and Morganwg.

It will be noticed that even in the fourteenth century the gentry of Wales used no surnames. The name of Morgan was not attached to the owner of Tredegar in Llewelyn ap Ivor's time, so that the descendants of his third son, Philip, who became, and still remain, lords of St. Pierre, are not Morgans

but Lewises, Thomas, fourth in descent from Philip, adopting his father's name of Lewis as a surname. The same happened with the elder branch. Llewelyn called his eldest son Morgan, after his paternal grandfather. The descendants of Morgan's sons, both of Llewelyn, the elder, who inherited Tredegar, and of Philip, the younger, who founded the Langstone and Pencoyd branch, were known as Morgans. They were, for long, essentially local people, busy with the affairs of their estates and their district; marrying with their neighbours, the Kemeyses, Herberts, Stradlings and Mansells; throwing out branches not merely to St. Pierre and to Pencoyd, but to Machen and Ruperra, to Llanrhymny and Llantarnam, and then restrengthening the tie of kinship by frequent marriages of cousins. But even in the





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SOUTH DOOR OF BROWN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fifteenth, and still more in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not merely the cadets, but also the head of the house, sought a national, if not a world-wide, sphere for their activities. Sir John of Tredegar is a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre in 1448. His younger son, Thomas of Machen, entered the service of his fellow-countryman, Henry VII., and was an esquire of his body. For Henry VII. the elder son, Sir Morgan of Tredegar, also must have fought, since he was knighted in 1497 on Blackheath Field, where the Cornish rebels, who had reached the outskirts of London, suffered defeat. Sir Morgan, who lived till 1504, was also very likely a builder. The large room called "The Old Hall" at Tredegar, of which the interior is illustrated, though half buried in later work, still exhibits features of that time and will have been part of the "faire house of stone" which Leland found

standing in the next reign. There was much building activity in Monmouthshire in Sir Morgan's time. His cousin, Sir Thomas Morgan, was at work at Pencoyd, still a most interesting late fifteenth century castle, though largely in ruins. The Gate Tower of St. Pierre—almost the only part that remains untouched—is of the same period, while close to it, Milo de Salley, the Bishop of Llandaff, was adding to and altering his palace of Mathern, which a predecessor had built under Henry V. If not of Sir Morgan's time, the old hall at Tredegar must have been of that of his immediate descendants. His line ended under Queen Elizabeth, and the grandson of his brother of Machen succeeded. Coxe tells us that when he did so he "made additions to Tredegar," but these must have been of a full Renaissance character that

had lost the depressed arch which headed each section of the mullioned windows of the early Tudor period as we see them in the Old Hall. Thomas Morgan, third of Machen and first of Tredegar, sat in Parliament for Monmouthshire as his cousin William had done before him and as most of his successors have done since his time. Dying in 1603, he left a son, who was to use the last days of his long life in tempering his loyalty to his king with such prudence as enabled him to avoid the fate of his neighbour, Sir Nicholas Kemeyns, when Cromwell triumphed. Of Sir William Morgan there is a picture at Tredegar, representing him as the "venerable old man," which he was in 1650, when he had reached the age of ninety. This patriarch was the head of a large and widespread clan. In his time there were some twenty branches descended from Llewelyn ap Ivor whose heads were landowners in his neighbourhood, and there were distinguished men among them. From Pencoyd had gone forth in Elizabeth's day a Sir William Morgan to fight in the Low Countries under the Orange banner. He took part in the capture of Valenciennes in 1572, where he had "a goodly gentleman's house given hym stufed with gooddes and furnished with Wines and victuall for a long yere." Descended from the same branch, but a generation

younger and settled at Pencarn was Sir Charles Morgan, a colonel in the Low Countries and a general of English troops in Saxony during the Thirty Years' War. From the Llanrhymny branch, whose founder was Sir William of Tredegar's uncle Henry, came several men of note, such as Edward Morgan, a Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, and his nephew Sir Henry, known as "the Buccaneer," who rose to be an admiral and to rule Jamaica under the restored Stewarts. From this Llanrhymny branch also came the Colonel Morgan who, almost alone of his kin, is found on the Parliamentary side. He, like Sir Charles, fought in the Thirty Years' War, but, unlike him, he came home when the civil troubles broke out, and seems to be the "little man short and peremptory," but "expert in sieges," who was Governor of Gloucester, took Chepstow in 1645, and was with Fairfax at the capture of Raglan in the next year. After Oliver Cromwell's death he was with Monck, and one of his right-hand men in bringing about the Restoration—a line of conduct which gained him a baronetcy. Eighteen years earlier another of the family had received a like honour as the reward of his zeal for his King. Sir Edward Morgan of Llantarnam was made a baronet in the same



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as the reward of his zeal for his King. Sir Edward Morgan of Llantarnam was made a baronet in the same



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THE BROWN ROOM.

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month of November of 1642 which saw his neighbours, Sir Nicholas Kemeyns and Sir Trevor Williams, raised to that rank for their support of the Royal cause, which the last-named betrayed three years later. Sir Trevor had married a granddaughter of Sir William Morgan of Tredegar, whose younger son, Anthony, joined the Royal standard and fought at Edgehill. The whole family and their connections in Glamorgan and

meditating crossing over to Somerset, and Prince Rupert sails over Severn from Bristol to arrange for this and meets him at Crick House. But Fairfax's capture of Bridgwater makes the scheme hopeless, and after a little while longer spent among his Glamorganshire supporters, the defeated King goes northward to Oxford, to Chester, to the Scots, and to his ultimate doom. Until Charles left Wales Sir William had no doubt openly and



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IN THE BROWN ROOM.

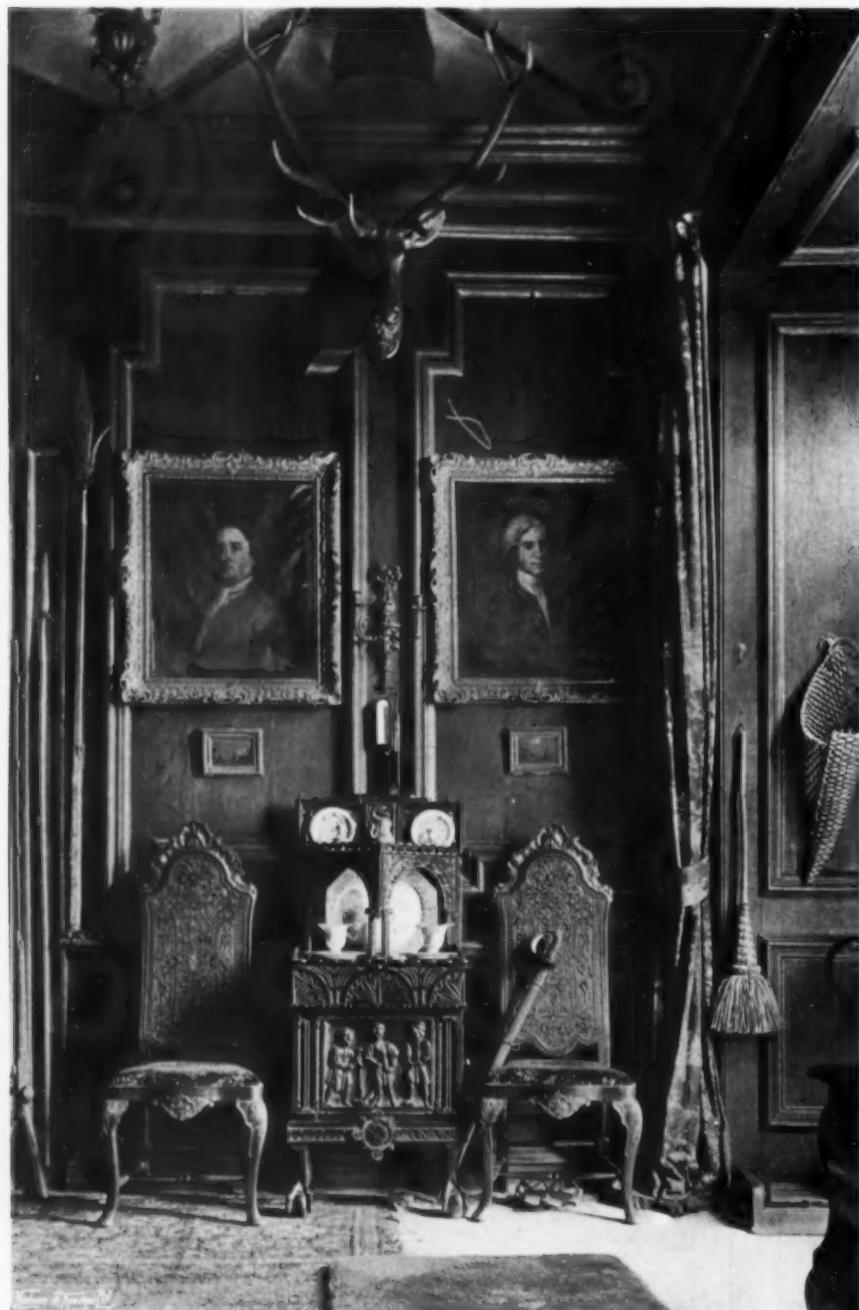
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Monmouthshire were devotedly loyal then, but when Charles's star was evidently setting in 1645, Sir Trevor, losing Monmouth, of which he was Governor, thought it was time to trim his sails, and probably also influenced his wife's grandfather. From Naseby field Charles fled to South Wales, and is Sir William's guest at Tredegar on July 16th and 17th, 1645. A few days later he is with Sir Thomas Morgan, another cousin, at Ruperra. He is

gladly supported him. Then he must have listened to Sir Trevor's reasoning, and, as was his right as an old man of eighty-five, have taken up a neutral position. Certain it is that he escaped the penalties imposed upon so many of his kinsmen. His son Anthony was declared to be a "papist delinquent," and was not allowed to compound for the sequestered estate he had inherited from his mother in Northamptonshire. Pencoyd

and Ruperra were also sequestered, but in both cases composition was allowed. Sir William, however, seems to have been left in undisturbed possession of his estates, the revenues of which were of so ample a nature that soon after the restoration of Charles II. his successors began the building of the sumptuous structure which has survived to this day. Sir William is said to have been ninety-three when he died in 1653, and it is not, therefore, surprising that his eldest son, Thomas, only survived him for a dozen years, and then gave way to a younger man who had both the energy and the inclination to carry out the great work of reconstruction. What architect was employed? That is a question frequently asked in reference to seventeenth century houses, but in many cases there is no very satisfactory answer. "Attributed to Inigo Jones" is that most usually given, but by whom so attributed and on what authority is seldom added. Inigo Jones was a contriver of Royal masques and a supervisor of Royal buildings during the best years of his life and while the finest houses of the James I. and Charles I. periods were being built. For very few of these was he responsible, owing to his other engagements and to his style being rather revolutionary and before his age. Raynham and Coleshill, which were entirely his, and Wilton, Kirby and Castle Ashby, where he altered and added to existing structures, are among the small number of country houses now remaining which he is known to have designed and carried out. They all show strongly, though not so exclusively as his town palace designs such as Whitehall and Somerset House, his definite adoption of the full classic style as he learnt it by direct and earnest study of ancient work in Rome, and of the masters of the

Italian Renaissance, such as Palladio, at Vicenza and elsewhere. His windows are the clearest evidence of the new spirit he introduced into this country. Our sixteenth century Renaissance designers, if they had somewhat altered the form, had retained the principle of the Gothic window. Their mullioning was part of the wall structure and was flush with the face of the wall, or nearly so. The mullions, solid and close set in the still Gothic work of the fifteenth century and of the Tudor Henries, became lighter and wider apart indeed under Elizabeth and James, but were still so placed that the aperture between each pair could be spanned by a single stone of no great length, while, in the case of high windows, side thrust was prevented by cross transoms. All this had to be built with and as part of the walls; each light being, as it were, a few stones omitted. But with Inigo Jones the whole window is an independent aperture, whose divisions could take the form of a light wooden frame set in after the masonry was complete. The apertures needed a keystone, a round arch or an angled pediment to support the wall above the opening, and that opening had to be a tall, narrow oblong, intensifying the vertical lines of the design. The keystone, the pediment and the architrave thereupon became the members which the architect most readily seized upon to give relief, variety and ornament to his design, and to counterbalance—with, perhaps, the addition of pilasters set in the wall space between windows—the increased severity of the general form and outline of the building. The quarrel between King and Parliament and the civil commotions which it produced, while they gave Inigo Jones leisure to produce a multitude of designs for both the building and the decoration of houses embodying his principles and his practice, prevented those designs from being carried out. Little building went on in England between 1640 and 1660, and what did go on was most often of a very plain and modest kind. With the Restoration, however, began a period of building activity, influenced by the recollection of the splendour and luxury of the houses and gardens which the exiled King and Cavaliers had seen in France and other Continental countries. Then was the time when Inigo Jones was needed; then had his opportunity really come. But he had died in 1652, bequeathing his designs and his aspirations to John Webb (the husband of his kinswoman Anne Jones), who had long been his pupil and assistant and was therefore fully trained to be his successor. That is how it happens that so many houses built after his death have come to be attributed to Inigo Jones. It was not only Webb who formed himself on his master's style and used his designs. Inigo Jones was the acknowledged master of our early eighteenth century architects, such as Campbell and Gibbs, Kent and Ripley. They not only studied his work and methods, but they also very largely, with more or less modification, carried out many of his unused designs. The Principality, claiming Jones as one of her sons, has been especially anxious to "attribute" houses to him. Tredegar is only one of several in its own district—such as Ruperra and Llangibby—which are thus described by one or other of the eighteenth century writers on South Wales. As Sir William Morgan is not likely to have ever contemplated rebuilding, the idea that Inigo Jones was consulted on the subject may be at once dismissed; but the possible connection of John Webb with the new work cannot be so definitely denied. There is a tradition that he was employed in the neighbourhood, where the houses built during his time are considerable in number and are in some harmony with his known work. But this is only tradition, and there is no record of his presence in the district. As regards Tredegar there is a point which at first sight might be held to tell against the theory that it was designed by Webb or any other architect who based his work on the drawings of Inigo Jones. It is noticeable that the mullions are of stone and are structural, and though the windows have but one mullion, they are unusually broad for a style where Palladian principles dominate. They are quite dissimilar to those found in the houses already mentioned as certainly the work of Inigo Jones, and still more distinct from those used by Webb, after his kinsman's death, at Ramsbury, Ashdown and Tyttenhanger. Yet structural stone mullions were used by both master and pupil



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occasionally, as in some of the side windows at Thorpe, built for St. John under the Commonwealth, and in the little detached banqueting-room or fishing-house at Becket Park. The latter, held by Messrs. Triggs and Tanner as "doubtless by Inigo Jones," has windows remarkably similar to those of Tredegar House; indeed, those of the fishing-house are in general proportion, in the section of the mullioning and in the arrangements and mouldings of their entablatures, almost identical with those of the upper tier at Tredegar, where, however, the lower ones are curiously connected with the string-course, above which they have broken pediments surmounted by the arms and supporters of the Tredegar family carved in stone, these elaborate window-cases having been originally produced at a cost of £5 apiece. The upper ones, having simple tops, balance the richness of those below by having aprons carved with a garland of fruit. This decorative scheme is used on both the north-east and north-west sides; the latter being the principal elevation and presenting in its severe mass, enriched by ten of these windows, and by a central doorway of similar but larger design, an appearance of much dignity, somewhat marred by a nineteenth century alteration of its roof and dormers. Had it retained its stone tiles and pedimented dormers, it would have been as fine an exterior of the 1660 to 1670 period as any now remaining—a description which still, fortunately, holds for the interior, as the accompanying illustrations fully prove. Another set will be published in the next number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, together with further remarks on the architecture and decorations of the house, and on the later history of its owners. Meanwhile a glance at the pictures of the Brown Room will show on what a large and profuse scale the work was undertaken. When it is remembered that the room is 42 ft. long and 27 ft. wide, the boldness of the design and the vigour of the handling will be at once realised.

T.

THE WILD REINDEER IN SCANDINAVIA.

In the sixteenth century wild reindeer were to be found throughout the whole of Norway, from the mountain tracts in the extreme south-west to the North Cape and the Russian Frontier. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century they were numerous even in Finmarken, and as recently as 1890 a herd estimated to contain some 500 animals was said to have its headquarters in the wild region where the districts of Kautokeino, Alten and Kvaenangen converge; but the incursions of the tame deer and their Lapp herdsmen ultimately produced their inevitable effect, and it is now exceedingly doubtful if any really wild rein still exist within the precincts of that far northern province. In some of the central parts of the country, too, a great falling off in the numbers of the rein began to be observed towards the end of the century, especially among the mountains of Osterdal, where they had suffered from excessive hunting and from wolves. In his description of Trysil, Smith states that about 1784 "not more



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than one deer was shot annually for every hundred that used to be killed in these parts," and a very similar state of matters was brought about elsewhere by the same causes.

At the end of last century the conditions relating to reindeer generally on the "high fjelds" of Norway had altered very materially. Whereas formerly the tame deer had been confined to the northern straits, these had now increased enormously in numbers, and were to be found as far south as the immediate neighbourhood of the Hardanger, Sogte and Christiania Fjords. The presence of these animals where they had previously been unknown induced friction between the Lapps who looked after them and the native hunters, whose forefathers had been accustomed from time immemorial to pursue the wild rein. Numbers of the latter associated temporarily with the herds of tame deer and were killed by the owners of these, while many tame deer deserted to the ranks of their wild brethren and were shot by the local hunters, identification being rendered impossible by the prompt removal of the ears, where every privately-owned rein is marked when a young calf. In this connection it is interesting to compare the figures given by that excellent sportsman, the late Professor Früs (than whom there could be no better authority on such subjects), in his work, "Tilfjelds i Ferierne," with the official returns of "Wild Reindeer Killed During the Period 1890-1899." The professor states that in the seventies, when all the rein shot were undoubtedly of the true wild kind, 350 was about the number annually accounted for; and he assumes that that represented 10 per cent. of the stock then existing in the whole country, which could not accordingly have exceeded, if indeed it amounted to, 4,000 head. The number

killed during the last ten years of the century were officially recorded as follows:

1890	655	1895	805
1891	460	1896	942
1892	600	1897	832
1893	626	1898	951
1894	760	1899	805

That no small proportion of these must have been "forvildet rein" (animals which had strayed from the tame herds) is certain, for an average annual reduction of 764 deer, such as the above figures show, must in the nature of things have pretty nearly exterminated a stock which so short a time before had consisted of less than 4,000 head. However this may have been, it was then generally acknowledged that such destruction of these interesting inhabitants of the mountain wastes ought not to be permitted to continue, and that unless some special legislative measures for their protection were adopted, they would in a very short time cease to exist. According to the Law of May, 1890, therefore, it was enacted that for the future the season during which wild reindeer might be hunted should be reduced to a fortnight (from September 1st to September 14th); it was made obligatory to take out a licence for shooting them, costing a Norwegian subject 10 kroner and a foreigner 200 kroner (about £11); and, finally, no single individual was permitted to kill more than three deer on State property. Two years later complete freedom from molestation for a period of five years was accorded the wild reindeer by law, and on September 1st last (1907) this period terminated. That it had temporarily, at any rate, served the purpose for which it was intended became evident before its expiry, for reports from nearly all the principal stalking centres described the animals protected as having increased very considerably in numbers; they had even made their appearance in localities where for many years they had ceased to exist. Unfortunately, however, the long immunity from disturbance which they had enjoyed had rendered them much less wary than is their wont, and the temptation proved too much for the native hunters, in whom respect for laws having anything to do with game is not a conspicuous virtue at any time. Numbers of rein were illegally shot down by these men, and many others, wounded by their long-range Krag Jorgensen rifles, escaped only to die a lingering death among the mountains.

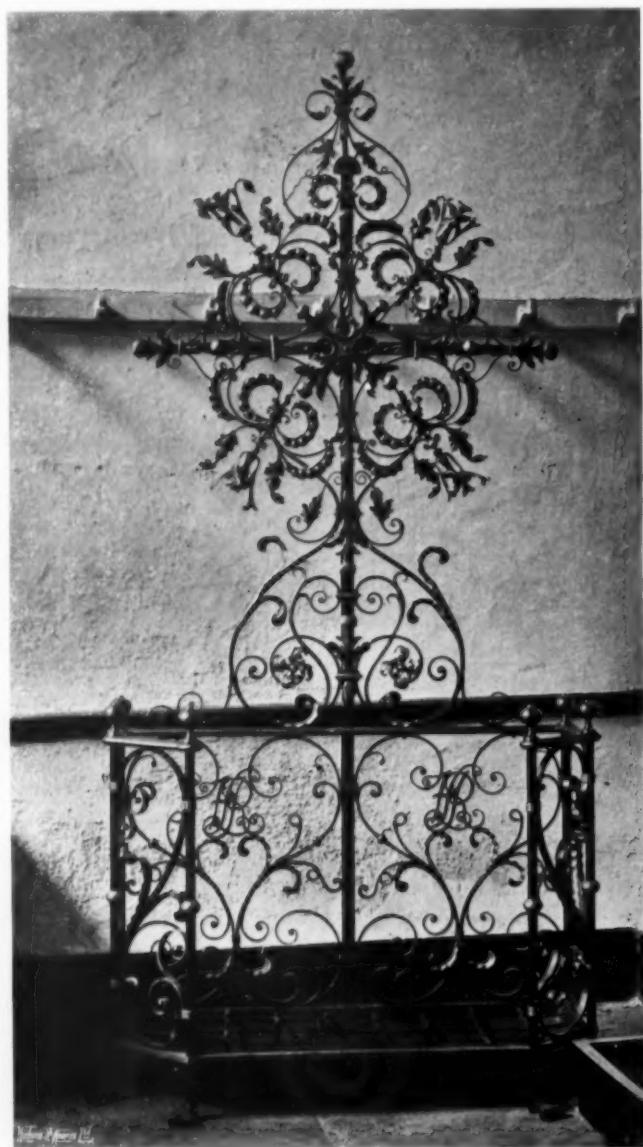
From the above it will be seen that the whole reindeer question in Norway is very involved, and that to efficiently protect the true wild deer is no easy matter. To make it illegal to use in their pursuit weapons of the type above referred to and to restrict the tame herds to certain defined tracts of country would no doubt be steps in the right direction; but it is very certain that until the authorities spend a substantial sum of money annually in seeing that the Game Laws are respected, no measures, however well intended, will have the desired effect. The pot-hunters will continue to drive the deer into corries or passes from which they can only escape with the utmost difficulty, and fire into the "brown" of them as long as they are within range; the three deer or other limit will remain a fiction, and the close time will be the poacher's opportunity. Speaking generally, the present habitat of the wild rein in Norway may be described as extending from Saetersdal (in about 58° 30' min.) throughout most of the Christians and Stift ranges, eastwards to Thelemarken and westwards to Ryfylke; thence northwards along the Langfjeldene and their off-shoots—to the east across the Numedal, Hallingdal and Valders Mountains and the great

Jotunheim plateau; to the west over the Hardanger, Laerdal, Urland and Justedal Fjelds, across Söndmör and Nordfjord up to Romsdal, Sundal and Surendal. Then, following the trend of the main range eastwards, they are also found throughout the whole mountain system of the Dovre, with its subsidiary branches, the Gudbrandsdal, Rönderne and Osterdal Fjelds to the south; those of Høyne on the one side of the Trondhjem Fjord and those of Snaasen on the other, nearly up to the borders of Helgeland. In Sweden the wild reindeer is practically extinct.

As recently as 1890 a few were said to have been shot in the mountain tracts of Ydre Dalarne; but these, it is pretty certain, were tame deer that had strayed. Some are also stated to exist among the western Särna Fjelds and in the district of Eenontekis in Tornea Lappmark; but this, too, is open to doubt. One of the best parts of the country used to be the extensive region known as Härjedal (to the east of the great Faemund Lake), where the rivers Ljusna and Ljungorn start on their courses eastwards to the Gulf of Bothnia. Here the deer were not confined to the mountains, but were found, as recently as the beginning of last century, frequenting the "flötar," "flöar" (barrens, fenlands) and moors down to the borders of Helsinge. As no protection in the way of a close season, such as that which was extended to the elk, was accorded them, they were hunted, snared and taken in pitfalls from January 1st until December 31st, and it is now many years since the last wild rein was shot in the neighbourhood of the Malungan Lake.

In view of the very limited opportunities for stalking these noble animals which are likely in the future to be offered to the English sportsmen in Norway, some brief reference to the districts in Russian Lapland and Finland where they are to be found may not be devoid of interest; access to these, moreover, has been greatly facilitated of late years, and in some of them the salmon-rod as well as the rifle will find employment. In parts of the great Kola Peninsula, which constitutes the main portion of Russian Lapland, wild reindeer are fairly numerous,

but only in the most remote mountain tracts. Whether they any longer exist in the country round the Enara Traesk (described by Wexovius as "that great Lake of Lapland situate under the Pole, which contains incredible rocky islands ascending like Pyramids but destitute of Inhabitants") is questionable; but they do so on the ranges Monschje and Tschyne Dunder to the west and Umbdek Dunder to the south-east of the beautiful Imandra Lake (by way of which the traveller from Kola on the Arctic Coast to Kandalaks on the White Sea passes), and so, too, on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Nuot Javre, another huge sheet of water, whence the Tuloma flows into the Kola Fjord. There is said to be some good reindeer country at the head-waters of the Kern, a fine salmon river which discharges on the west coast of the White Sea; but the eastern frontier of Finland must be traversed as far south as Ilomants before a district is found where these animals can be described as permanent residents in the Grand Duchy. From that point they are to be met with here and there along the whole frontier down to the Ladoga Lake. In these parts, however, they are not numerous, and many of the so-called wild rein shot there are doubtless tame deer which have strayed from Hyrynsalmi and Russian Karelia. Excellent hunters and shots as were the Lapps, they did not confine their methods to stalking the rein. In the recognised deer paths they constructed pits, at the bottom of which upright spears were fixed, and traces of these may still be found all over North Finland. The most venison, however, was secured by means of the "Snargaard," called by the Fins



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"Hangas," by the Skolte Lapps "Ganges" and "Aegis," by the Enara Lapps "Peartuschin," and by the Fjeld Lapps "Kaarteri." This structure, which was in the nature of a long fence, and extended sometimes for a distance of five or six miles, was formed of tree trunks divided longitudinally and thrust firmly into the ground or into the roots of other trees. At distances of

60yds. or 80yds. openings were left, and in these strong nooses of double or quadruple lasso rope were so adjusted that when a rein intruded its head, its horns became inextricably entangled. The last great "Snargaard" was called "Heikio Hangas," and was in South-Eastern Enara to the east of the Muoravaarakkä River, and it is now about thirty years old.

RUGDE.

SNOW ON THE FARM.

IT is difficult for us to realise as we grow older the joy with which snow was welcomed by us as children. The old man and woman of the farm used to speak with apprehension of the lowering sky and the bitter winds. The poor souls knew by sad experience that the penalty exacted by Nature from too much exposure to damp and cold was paid in aches and pains. It is very rare—and indeed in the writer's case unheard of—to find a labourer who has reached the age of three-score without suffering severely from rheumatism. Still, it says something for these ancients that they recognise the pleasures of the young generation. There was an old man bent almost double with rheumatism, so that one wondered how he managed to walk, and still more how he could keep the hedgerows so neatly trimmed, to whom frost was an agony, and yet he always had a laugh and a cheery word for the youngsters when their thoughts ran on snowballing and slides. On a December day when the feeble sun would sometimes give a wan display of glory before it fell below the hill, and at its departure the stars were hidden by those grey clouds that carry storm within them, the younger inmates of the farmhouse used to pop out every ten minutes or quarter of an hour and come in radiant when they could tell that the white flakes were at last beginning to descend. Then if the shower increased in strength and lay on the ground, there was a triumphant whoop and a snowballing match in the dark or misty moonlight. It was the best snowballing of the storm because of the delight with which it was entered upon, and the softness of the new-fallen snow. In the morning the first question to be asked was whether the snow was still lying or had melted. Grief and despair followed when the latter announcement was made, but every eye brightened at news of a contrary kind. The old labourer to whom we have referred would say, with a crusty voice: "Best bide in bed; you'll never be so warm to-day again." For he did not like those cold sharp mornings when the snow lay all over the thatch and paths had to be swept from the entrance to the house. The children's

joy was complete, however, when the snow was so thick that all hands had to be set to work in the morning to shovel it away. Probably a good part of the pleasure was due to the change of avocation. One form of amusement that the snow brings with it to a farmhouse is that of snaring birds. Townspeople and, indeed, others feed them, and it is difficult for them to enter into the sentiment of those who have been brought up entirely on the farm. Every winter thousands of birds were attracted to the stackyard, the cattle-yard and to the vicinity of all living animals. Where there are pigs, chickens, cows, horses, or men, for the matter of that, there is food, and the creatures of the air are well aware of the fact. The thrifty husbandman and his dame regard them all with an entire lack of sentiment, as merely pilferers of the food that has been provided for the livestock of the farm. They have not much more respect for a sparrow than for a rat, and the congregation of finches, linnets and so forth that in mixed crowds come down in search of corn they look upon at the best with a mild toleration. There is certainly no working farmer who wishes to attract birds about the place, and the children take quite naturally to snaring them. Not much harm is done, and no cruelty is exercised in the long run, while the snaring of birds makes a decided call upon ingenuity. The horse-hairs used for the purpose were generally prepared when it was supposed that lessons were being done. The favourite plan was to fasten them to the hoop of a small barrel. Another delightful way of catching birds was the common one of putting a sieve on a stick and placing some corn underneath. A long line was attached to the stick, and the waiting boy remained hidden in the barn or outhouse until his victims were below the sieve, when a little tug made it fall and enclose them. The birds used to be put in aviaries, and there was great competition as to who had the greatest number of different species. These were not very numerous. The sparrows were plentiful, but it was found by experience that, as a rule, they could take good care of themselves. They did not go very



THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL.

easily into any sort of trap. The robin was the most easily caught of all, but as he was a general favourite, and nearly tame, it was not considered good form to capture him at all. The little brown hedge-sparrows, which come so prettily and timidly for food, are most easy to capture, but the hedge-sparrow is not the sort of bird that a boy likes to see in a cage. It was allowed to go in peace. The tits were very numerous, both the great tit and the bluecap. They were both confident birds, and it was the general opinion that they actually enjoyed confinement.

As long as the snowstorm lasted, they had warmth, shelter, protection and food, for which they would have had to forage, perhaps in vain, but for the luck of being caught. Thrushes and blackbirds came in abundance, and it was probably better for the song-thrush, at any rate, to be captured, because this is one of the most delicate of our wild birds, and when roaming the garden and along by the hedgerow in severe snowstorms many a one has been picked up dead; in fact, a hard winter nearly exterminates them. So that to be caught and confined during the most rigorous weather was really for them the best of luck. The chaffinch and the water-wagtail were common, and many of the other finches were occasionally caught. As far as memory goes,



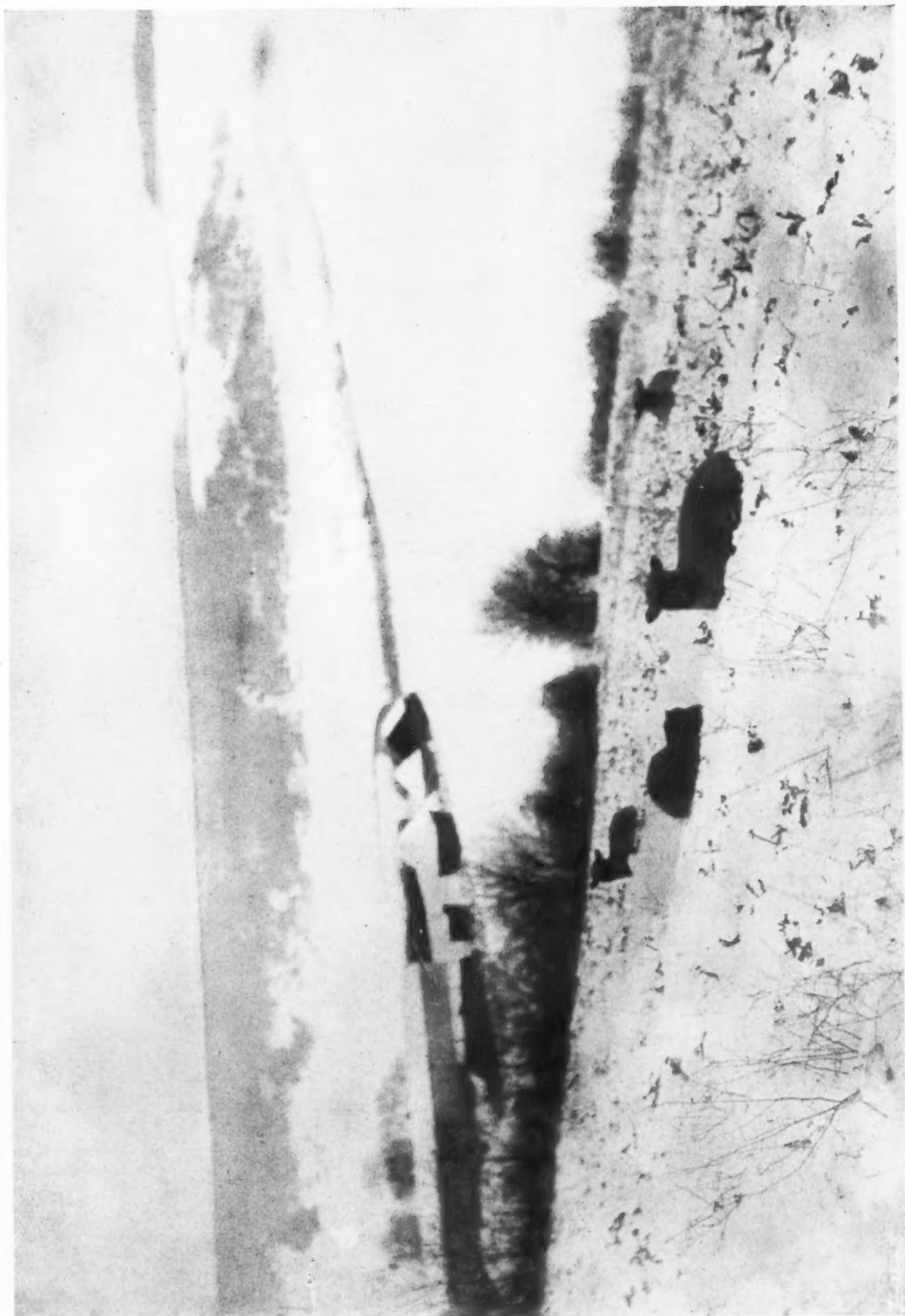
GOING OUT FOR FODDER.

about twenty-six was the largest number of species in possession at one time. The larger birds were dealt with more seriously. When the ground was covered with a thin coating of snow they were reduced to starvation, and the rooks especially, in the early morning, made destructive onslaughts on the cornricks, not only stealing, but making great holes into which the rain ultimately penetrated. During snow-time, therefore, there was always somebody about with a gun, though there was little shooting for shooting's sake. The

coots and water-hens, for example, were allowed to go undisturbed, and took a share of the food thrown out to the barnyard poultry; but war unceasing was waged on the rook, not only for his depredations on the farmyard, but because he attacked the roots and had a way of picking holes in the upper part of turnips that speedily caused them to rot. Four-footed creatures were not so numerous, and yet the snow discovered the whereabouts of many that usually kept hidden away. In the dusk thousands of little mice came out on to the roadways or wherever there was a chance of finding food, and one could see their dark little forms scudding away in the moonlight. Probably the owls made many a feast on them, for in hard weather more than the usual number came round the farm. There were barn-owls actually



COLD WORK.



WALTER'S WHITE LIVERWORT.



WAITING FOR THEIR DINNER.

kept in the barn in a half-tame condition for the purpose of keeping down the mice, and in a wood near by there were many colonies of tawny owls, whose hoots made the frosty air resound. The farm hands, reduced to partial idleness, found the time to investigate the tracks of rabbits and hares that at such times tell the pinch of hunger keenly. The hare was the greater sufferer. Instinctively he took refuge in the covert of young plantations and woodlands; but hunger at times compelled him to brave the danger and come into the kitchen garden, often with fatal results. The farm animals themselves suffered chiefly from the want of exercise. It was one of the pleasures of a snowstorm to see the great plough horses brought out for exercise and to watch their uncouth caperings and prancings as they endeavoured to get rid of the superfluous energy that had been bottled up while they stayed in the stable. The land was not sufficiently high to bring danger to the sheep pastures, and the ewes and hogs did not seem to pay much attention to the snow, though, of course, they required continual feeding, which mostly consisted of turnips in the days referred to. They were passed through the turnip-cutter and then fed out in troughs. Chickens, on the other hand, seemed to dislike the snow exceedingly. They could scarcely be induced to come out of their houses when it was on the ground, and egg-laying was brought to a standstill. Of course, on the ordinary English farm not much attention, as a

matter of fact, is paid to poultry. A great number of chickens were hatched and fattened on the stubble, which meant at a cost that was practically nil. The corn that had been lost during reaping would have gone to feed the wild birds if the chickens had not been taken out in extemporised wooden houses and allowed to pick it up. With the exception of a flock of laying hens and a cockerel or two, they were all sold off in the autumn or used up for household purposes. The work of the farm servants consisted in those times almost exclusively of attending to the livestock. Hay had to be cut from the stack that now began to show signs of diminution. Boilers were always kept going to prepare the various mashes and messes that were given to pigs and cattle, but the snow—especially that which came in the early part of the year—brought with it a pleasant and irresponsible Christmas feeling, born of the knowledge that work was at a standstill and that idleness did not matter. Wherefore such pleasure as could be yielded by the shortening days

was legitimate and right. The snow also seemed to bring with it a renewed taste for all kinds of games and pastimes to those on the ice and those also in the house. Many an old amusement that seemed to be half forgotten was furbished up again to pass away the long winter night, and the result was that, however long the storm lasted, the news that a thaw had set in was always received with grief and lamentation. The reader who has accompanied us so far will not need to be told that a single place



TWO WEARY TRAVELLERS.

was in the mind of the writer, and that the conditions must change greatly with locality. On hill farms, wherever they are situated, the coming of the snow is the cause of great anxiety; it may mean loss and destruction of the entire flock of the sheep on which the upland people depend for a great part of their livelihood. Then, again, it blocks out communication with the rest of the

world. That must have been so even in lowland districts before the making of good roads, to say nothing of the advent of mechanical power. In winter the family that was placed in a rural district was completely isolated, and had to depend on its own resources often for months together. The farm to which reference has been made is a very fertile one, situated in a beautiful part of the country. Much stock is raised from cattle which are purchased in the early autumn and fattened on the excellent meadows. There is plenty of pasture for sheep, and a few pigs and poultry are raised. It is what one would call a farm of mixed husbandry. There are plenty of little hills lying all around, but none of them of any size, and in this secluded spot old

ways and old fashions are kept up to an extent that would probably surprise those who are continually mourning the decay of ancient institutions. The aged labourers still inherit the traditions of those who lived in a very different age, and there are many of them who have scarcely ever been out of the parish in their lives. They toil exactly as their horses do, and all the waves of thought and

change that are passing over the rest of the world leave them untouched and untroubled.

Yet this is true only comparatively speaking. At their winter merry-makings one notices that the old songs, such as "The Ploughboy," which were common enough in the last quarter of the previous century, seem to be all forgotten or to have given place to modern rhymes. Other observances have been "commercialised." Just at present those who are sarcastically called the "merry" waits are practising the hymns and carols which they are prepared to sing on Christmas Eve. It is true that most of these have been handed down for generations, but the modern carol-singer is much more intent on gathering in subscriptions than were his forefathers. We remember a time when



UNLOADING.



THE CART-SHED.

those winter visitors expected nothing more than the proverbial cakes and ale. They were offered some of the good cheer that belonged to the season to consume themselves, and some to carry home to their friends. Now they do not look for this at all, but for hard cash. In less prosperous times than we have now, it is very evident that something good to eat must have been a greater treat than it is at a period when food is extremely cheap and abundant. So the relish with which old writers speak of fairly common and ordinary dishes was, no doubt, due to the infrequency of their opportunities to partake of them. But the modern labourer is much more pampered, and enjoys so many dainties at home that he is less anxious about them when he goes abroad, and usually would much sooner have their value in money. It is a pity, and yet must be expected, as a sign of the commercial spirit of the age. What made things so very different of old was that the farmer never thought his duty done to his servants when he handed them over so much wages: he was also guardian, friend and adviser to them. They came to him in sickness or in difficulty, and he felt it to be no more than his duty to assist them. They on their side took a view of the labourers' responsibilities which is hostile to the spirit of

the present time. This is simply that a man is hired to work a certain number of hours for a given rate of wages, and when the clock has struck the hour his work is done. A really good servant could not exist in this way. He must have the interest of his employer at heart, and be ever ready to attend to it both with mind and body. The material statement of this condition of things can be very clearly put. Long ago, the man who cultivated the land had very little command of ready money, and accordingly paid his wages as far as possible in kind. This in itself was enough to inspire him with a feeling that he had the responsibility for seeing that those around him were adequately fed and dressed. Nowadays the spirit of the agricultural labourer is altogether against all indirect forms of payment. He wishes the terms of the bargain to be made in hard cash. This may in itself be good or not; much may be said on both sides, but unquestionably it has had the result of driving a wedge between capital and labour, and indirectly it has brought to an end much of that kindly and brotherly feeling which enabled country people in different degrees of society to contribute towards each other's merriment, and so "fleat the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

MRS. GREEN.

III.—THE DECEIVINGNESS OF AN 'ORNED COW.'

THERE are cows in this field," said I, making the discovery with some emotion as I reached the gate.

"Never!" said Mrs. Green, hurrying up.

"There are, I'm afraid," said I.

Mrs. Green arrived breathlessly beside me, cast an anxious glance over the top bar of the gate and instantly sank into the profoundest gloom. For a moment we gazed in silence upon the agitating problem which the unexpected conjunction of cows and blackberries in the same field thus forced upon our attention.

"You'd h'almost think a field was *for* a cow," said Mrs. Green, bitterly, at last—"the numbers there is about."

Never before having considered the possibility of a field not being for a cow, I pondered Mrs. Green's remark in silence. "Go where you will," continued Mrs. Green, in increasing bitterness, "you come across an 'orned cow.'

"What shall we do?" said I.

"It would be 'ighly dang'rous to do h'anythink," said Mrs. Green.

"Well, we must do one thing or the other," said I.

"Whaffor?" replied Mrs. Green, with dignity. "Speak for yourself, Miss Meary, I thank you. There's no need whatever to do h'either. Cows, or no cows, I 'ope I may do what I please."

"I only meant that, sooner or later, we must either go in or go home, Mrs. Green," said I, mildly.

"If I didn't know that much without 'aving it put to me thus keerful an' h'unnecessary," replied Mrs. Green, in majestic surprise, "I should take a little somethink for the brain."

A short silence ensued, during which we returned to the contemplation of the cows. There seemed to be at least five or six of them feeding in the hollow on the further side of the rise in the middle of the field. We could just see the tops of their red backs beyond its ridge.

"When Green sees a cow," remarked Mrs. Green, "'e sheouts."

"But Green milks the cows," said I, in some surprise.

"Need that prevent 'im from sheoutin' at 'em?" enquired Mrs. Green. "'E sheouts to make safe. 'E sheouts like h'any Joshua. If we was to sheout simultaneous at them cows, pereps they'd go—an' these the best blackberries there is about."

"But there isn't anywhere for them to go to except through here," said I. "There's no other gate."

The truth of this remark, which a hasty glance round the field made apparent to Mrs. Green, embittered her to such an extent that she became speechless.

"And they seem to be a good distance off already," said I, doubtfully. "Perhaps we might venture."

"'Ow orften is h'anythink what it seems in a world of deceivingness like this 'ere, I arst you?" said Mrs. Green, struggling with emotion, "Let alone an 'orned cow."

"Still, I suppose they really must be where they are, you know," said I, thoughtfully.

"I dessay you do suppose it, Miss Meary," said Mrs. Green. "It's the kind of thing you *would* suppose, together with sevral other persons as once supposed much the same thing an' aren't supposin' h'anythink of h'any kind at the present moment through bein' in 'Eving, where the worst bein' known, of course, there's nothink left to suppose. You get across this 'ere gate, an' you'll soon see if cows must be where they h'are. Catch an 'orned cow bein' where it is, let alone where it seems to be. *I* knows 'em."

In the face of these remarks, which so closely coincided with my own feeling on the subject, it appeared madness to climb the gate. I gazed uncertainly at the cows that only seemed to be where they were. The cows themselves presumably shared the delusion, for they were apparently eating steadily on the further side of the ridge as though they had every reason to hope they really were where they were; but Mrs. Green, rigid and embittered, beheld them with a countenance of unspeakable exasperation, as one who is not to be deceived.

"Then perhaps we'd better give it up," said I, with a sigh.

"Give what up?" said Mrs. Green.

"The blackberries," said I.

"Unless we was the Sultan of Morrokker," replied Mrs. Green, "I don' know 'ow we could do—we not 'avin' got no blackberries, nor likely to 'ave."

"What has the Sultan of Morocco to do with blackberries?" said I, after a moment's reflection.

"What 'as 'e?" enquired Mrs. Green, reposing gloomily against the gate.

"I was asking you," said I, in some surprise.

"Me?" said Mrs. Green. "'Ow should *I* know? What should 'e 'ave to do with 'em—a pore little chivied-out, chased-away, sold-up person like that there with a name to 'im like a company sneeze. Which if a riddle, Miss Meary, far best to say so frank and close the conversation at once, this bein' 'ardly the time for riddles an' we in the dreadful position we might be if once we got h'over the gate."

"It was you who mentioned the Sultan of Morocco, Mrs. Green," said I, mildly.

"Certingly it was," replied Mrs. Green, with lofty astonishment, "an' I 'ope I'm at liberty to mention 'oom I please when conversing, or reelly kinder not to call it a conversation at all. Ah, 'ow orften I've 'eard that old mistress of mine as wouldn't pay 'er rates unless she 'ad the vote, teachin' 'er friends to converse with 'er when they come to tea. 'Widen the conversation,' was what she used to say to 'em, checkin' of 'em firm when they talked about things she'd never 'eard of—'widen the conversation, me good winnning,' says she—'er own conversations bein' u-ually that wide nobody could talk in 'em except 'erself, of course, though never bein' quite certing what it was she was conversin' about."

"How do you widen a conversation, Mrs. Green?" said I, reflectively.

"By h'always talkin' of somethink h'else," replied Mrs. Green, firmly.

I pondered the principle involved in this lucid explanation for a moment, but before I could make any comment upon it, Mrs. Green added, rebukingly:

"Few things could be more narrer in the way of a conversation than not to mention h'anyone unless they 'ad to do with blackberries, for h'instance, which 'oo would there be to mention?—unless it was the four-and-twenty blackberries baked in a pie, of course."

"I think they were blackbirds in the song," said I.

"Then it would 'a' been a far less crooil thing if they 'adn't been, which where was the Society for the Protection of Dogs?" replied Mrs. Green, shortly. "Likewise far 'olesomer."

I allowed a moment or two to pass after this incontrovertible statement, and there was a short silence; but just as I was about to direct the conversation again towards the Sultan of Morocco, Mrs. Green said, thoughtfully: "Many's

the song I alters as I sings it about the 'ouse, 'umming over me work in a bright and Chrischin manner so's to keep the 'ome cheerful for Green. Ah, 'ow 'e 'ates it, pore little chap. 'That ain't the chune, Hanna,' says 'e, h' anxious, 'nor yet the words, Hanna,' says 'e, 'though h' otherwise, of course, Hanna, few things could be more like it,' says he, 'opeful. 'It 'ill never be more like it than that, Green,' says I, firm, 'an' if it ain't the right chune an' words, so much the worse for the right chune an' words,' says I. Sense is what I *will* sing," said Mrs. Green, majestically, "owever much I may 'ave to h'alter it; sech as 'There is a book 'oo stands still enough may read,' of course, which nobody ever read h'anythink while running, 'owever religious, nor could do, an' 'Frustate their knavish tricks,' in 'Gawd save the King.' 'Frustate their naval tricks' is what I h'always says myself, as we h'all oughter chaunt constant at the tops of our voices with Germany not building a navy in the peaceful way she's building it. But 'oo could chaunt h'anythink with any 'eart," added Mrs. Green, suddenly remembering our position, and gazing with bitterness across the gate, "in the face of an 'orned cow?"

Thus reminded of the situation, I also gazed across the gate.

"What shall we do?" said I.

"With the blackberries on the furthest 'edge," replied Mrs. Green, "it 'ill be best to do nothink whatever."

"Well, anyway, Mrs. Green," said I, after a moment's reflection, "I think you might tell me why you mentioned the Sultan of Morocco."

"I don' know why I mentioned 'im," said Mrs. Green, relapsing into profound depression. "I 'ardly ever *knows* why I mentions things. The wonder is I h'ever mentions h'anythink in a world full of cows like this 'ere."

"Still, I expect there must have been a reason," said I, thoughtfully.

"Oh, there would 'ave been a *reason*," admitted Mrs. Green, with equal thoughtfulness. "Yes, there would 'ave been *that*, I suppose."

"But I can't quite see how he can be connected with blackberries," I continued, carefully.

"I don' suppose 'e is connected with 'em," said Mrs. Green, sighing, "unless 'e eats 'em, of course. *That* 'ud be a connection all right. Do blackberries grow in Morrokker?"

"I don't know—I haven't ever heard—I shouldn't think so," said I, hastily reviewing my ideas of that country.

"No, I shouldn't think so," assented Mrs. Green, sighing again. "It's a kind of desert where they make h'eggspensive shoes in spite of constant thunder-storms, I believe, an' 'ardly the place for blackberries—an' anyway, 'e's not even connected with *that* now, pore little 'eathen chap. 'E ain't got Morrokker any more than we've got blackberries—an' yet 'ow lofty-eartid 'e give it up once 'e 'adn't got it no longer! 'I h'abdicat,' says 'e, nobil—there bein' nothink whatever left for 'im to h'abdicat orf of, of course, but 'ardly kind to mention the fact with 'im tryin' to be h'unselfish about it all alone in a tent in the way 'e was. 'I give it h'all up,' says 'e, courageous; which 'e 'adn't h'anythink left to give up excep' a dozen young swimming as 'e meant to stick to, an' a dreadful time they must 'ave 'ad of it rooshin' about after 'im on all 'is flights in the passionnit way they did," added Mrs. Green, reflectively. "It would scarcely 'ave been respectable, of course, if they 'adn't been black, an', therefore, much the same as if they 'adn't been there—though 'ow 'e ever 'oped to do h'anythink in the way of a war with twelve young 'eathen 'owlings round 'im constant it would be 'ard to say; but virtue is its h'own reward, of course."

"I don't think you can quite mean that, Mrs. Green," said I, after a moment's pondering.

"Not?" enquired Mrs. Green, pensively. "What would you say I meant?"

"That weakness brings its own punishment—or something of that kind," said I, encouragingly.

"Sech a thing never 'aving come into me 'ead, Miss Mearly," replied Mrs. Green, with dignity, "it's 'ardly likely to 'ave been what I meant, unless in a nightmare. I'm abil to mean what I say, I 'ope, which if virtue ain't its own reward I don' know what is—there bein' no other an' not much to be said for *that* one, of course, excep' in Scripcher. Which it's the first time I've ever 'eard a rector's daughter say it wasn't."

"I didn't say it wasn't," said I, hastily.

"Then you said I said it wasn't, which I never," replied Mrs. Green, majestically.

"No, indeed, I didn't," said I. "It is, of course."

Mrs. Green paused and gazed at me with the lofty demeanour of enforced patience.

"Then may I h'arst what you *did* say?" she enquired.

"It was more what *you* said," said I, struggling to preserve a foothold in the growing confusion of the conversation. "Not what you say you said."

"Never would I 'ave said what you say I said I said," replied Mrs. Green, with warmth. "It's the *last* thing I'd say, an' few things could be a greater pity than to go saying a person 'as said what they never. It's bad enough to say I said you said

I said what it couldn't h'ever come into my 'ead to say you said I said; but when it comes to saying that I say *you* said what I said I said, Miss Mearly, it's a little *too* much to bear patient."

At this point Mrs. Green suddenly broke off with a thoughtful look and, after a moment's pondering, glanced at me reflectively.

"What was it I *did* say?" she enquired.

"I don't know," said I, gazing at her with a whirling brain.

"No more don' I," said Mrs. Green, sighing; "Not as it matters. I h'orften don' know."

A short silence ensued, during which we regarded the distant cows again, and, suddenly returning once more to a sense of our position, realised that we were still hanging over the gate.

"Well, what *shall* we do?" said I.

"About what?" said Mrs. Green, thoughtfully.

"I mean, if you think it's wiser not to go into the field with those cows there, hadn't we really better go home?" said I.

"Frightened I h'am not," said Mrs. Green, majestically, "nor never 'ave been from a child."

I contemplated the bearing of this remark upon the situation in silence.

"An' give h'up," added Mrs. Green, still more majestically, "is what I never."

"Then shall we go in?" said I.

"Certingly not," replied Mrs. Green, with decision.

I again regarded Mrs. Green in silence.

"When in danger," said Mrs. Green, firmly, "stay where you h'are. A better rewle could 'ardly be. Look at the young man as stayed where 'e was while the 'ole train passed over 'im, which 'ad 'e moved 'and or foot, where would 'e 'ave been?"

"But we aren't under a train," said I.

After a moment of dead silence, Mrs. Green slowly turned upon me a gaze of such astounded exasperation that I hastened to add:

"I mean it's not quite the same thing."

"Not quite the same thing," echoed Mrs. Green, loudly and incredulously. "I should reether think it *wasn't* quite the same thing! Never 'ave I 'eard of h'anythink as was less like it!"

She gazed at me in lofty astonishment. Then an expression of magnanimous pity crossed her countenance, and, in a dignified manner, she resumed her position of firm resignation against the gate, gazed out across the field, and immediately came erect again with a shriek.

"What is it, Mrs. Green?" said I, starting.

"Where's the cows?" said Mrs. Green, with a gasp.

I hastily scanned the field. Not a red back was visible anywhere. The cows seemed to have suddenly and completely disappeared; and yet the line of the top of the tall hedge showed unbroken on the further side of the ridge. We stared round the empty meadow, and then at each other.

"Where've they got to?" said Mrs. Green, solemnly, at last.

"I don't know," said I.

"H'only 'Eving knows," said Mrs. Green, with increased solemnity, "which they might h'almost 'ave been caught away, pore things, like ser many surprised Elijahs."

She gazed pensively up at the sky, apparently in the hope of there perceiving some sign of the cows; sighed deeply, recollected herself with a slight start, and sent a piercing and business-like glance far over the country, as though there were a chance that they might be caught sight of steeple-chasing across some distant hedge. Finally she looked at me and remarked, "I once knoo a young man as kep' appearin' and disappearin' in the most dreadful manner—out of a wish to shine. Gone one day an' there the next, you might say 'e was. 'E 'ad the 'abit of it, pore feller. Ah, what a trial it was to 'is pore mother, as might 'ave been me secon' cousing 'ad she married me secon' cousing as came as near as possible to arskin' of 'er in marriage one Satterdy afternoon through weakness in the 'ead, she livin' in 'Ornsey Rise."

"It must have been a great shock to her when her son disappeared," said I, sympathetically.

"Well, it was a greater when 'e come back, of course," said Mrs. Green, reflectively. "She always 'ad the 'igh-strokes, pore woman, when he walked in again lofty at the dore an' all 'ope was over. 'If you'd only stay disappeared, H'Albert,' she'd say to 'im, a-weepin', 'I could bear it better,' she'd say. 'I should know where you was then, an' be resigned to the will of 'Eving,' she'd say. Which there wasn't no use in 'er gettin' resigned keeful to the will of 'Eving till she know'd what the will of 'Eving was a-goin' to be, of course, an' whether 'e was comin' 'ome to live again or not—an' anyway a far h'easier matter to get resigned to the will of 'Eving when she 'adn't got to get resigned to H'Albert at the same time."

"Then did he tell her where he disappeared to?" said I.

"Certingly not," replied Mrs. Green, in surprise. "Where'd be the use of disappearin' if you did that? Not even the *Daily Wail* would put you in if you did that! 'E jus' left a note as no one could read to say 'goo'-bye for h'ever to my parients and all kind friends, for I can't bear it no longer—an' went."

"What was it he couldn't bear any longer?" said I.

"Not bein' quite sure, 'e never said," replied Mrs. Green, reflectively. "It might 'ave been 'is parients an' kind friends, of course. But, anyway, it was a dreadful thing. 'Sorrow in 'Ornsey Rise' was what the *Daily Wail* always put in in large letters pathetic—among 'Elections in America,' or 'War in H'Orstria,' or sech. Ah, 'ow orften 'as Green wep' to read it, pore little chap, rememberin' what a close relation H'Albert nearly was."

"And did anybody ever find him?" said I.

"Well, no one h'ever looked for 'im much," said Mrs. Green, thoughtfully. "E wasn't the kind of person you'd look for *much*. 'Vanished from 'Ornsey Rise. A Youth's Despair,' was what the *Daily Wail* said once—which 'Ornsey Rise is a place h'anybody might be pleased to vanish from, of course, but they couldn't be expected to take it like that. Ah, 'ow 'eart-breakin' it was! 'It is proposed to drag the ponds of the neighbourhood,' said the *Daily Wail*, pathetic!"—Mrs. Green broke off with a sigh.

"Did they drag the ponds of the neighbourhood?" said I, with interest.

"Certingly not," replied Mrs. Green, with an expression of shocked surprise. "Whaffor? 'An it the heggspense it would 'ave been! There ain't no ponds in 'Ornsey Rise. An' anyow they know'd 'e'd gone 'ome to 'is h'uncle's."

This *dénouement* was so unexpected that I gazed at Mrs. Green in surprise.

"It turned out to be love," explained Mrs. Green, "joined with a wish to shine."

"Then was there someone who didn't love him?" I asked.

"No, there was someone 'oo did," replied Mrs. Green. "But what I wished to say was that really you can't wonder at cows disappearin' with the 'abit spreadin' in the dreadful way it is."

At this mention of the cows I returned once again, with a slight shock, to a realisation of the fact that we were still at the gate. In the interest of the conversation I had forgotten the cows. I looked at the field and remarked, "Well, anyway, they're gone, and it doesn't matter where to. Let's go in."

After a long and solemn pause, during which Mrs. Green beheld me with a countenance of the darkest gloom, we entered the field. But we had not proceeded far, moving slowly and in silence, before Mrs. Green suddenly paused, gave me a horrified glance, emitted a piercing shriek, turned round and made for the gate again.

"What is it, Mrs. Green?" I cried, gazing anxiously round the field; but Mrs. Green was far too busy fleeing to make me any reply. After an instant's hesitation I fled also. I could not see any cows myself, but what Mrs. Green had seen it seemed wiser to discover on the other side of the gate. We reached it together, flew through it, and Mrs. Green slammed it with another shriek.

"What was it, Mrs. Green?" I said, panting.

"The deceivingness of an 'orned cow," said Mrs. Green, breathlessly, leaning against a post and clutching at herself, "is somethink 'ardly to be believed!"

"But I didn't see a cow," said I.

"No more didn't I," said Mrs. Green. "Oh, the danger we was in!" I gazed at her in silence, while she struggled with her emotion.

"I dessay you think them cows is gone, Miss Meary," she said at last, breathing heavily, "which where we would 'a' been if we 'adn't been where we was an' me with you I can't 'ardly bear to think! Oh, 'ow it flashed across me on the sudding, me knowing the deceivingness of an 'orned cow! They're lyin' down on the h'other side of that 'ill, a-waitin' to roosh out on us with 'owls the minnit we comes smilin' over it in the 'opes of blackberries; an' so now you know." This view of the cows' malignity was so astonishing that for a moment I found no reply.

"Oh, I really think, Mrs. Green—" I said, soothingly.

"I dessay you do, Miss Meary," replied Mrs. Green, with decision, "an' it's the same to me if you do or not! 'Ere I

h'am an' 'ere I stops. There's only one thing more dang'rous than to go into a field when there's cows in it, and that's to go into a field when there ain't."

Just at this juncture, while I still stood gazing at Mrs. Green, there came a step along the road and a man hove in sight. It was Mr. Walker, the cowman at Farmer Wuggles'. Mrs. Green and I started and looked at each other. The same idea flashed through the minds of both of us. There was a short pause during which a thousand expressions crossed the countenance of Mrs. Green. Then she gazed up into the sky and remarked, rapidly and majestically, still gazing skywards: "Now you see, I 'ope, Miss Meary, what I've been waitin' for ser long—'angin' 'alf the afternoon on a gate an' h'argum' in the passionnit manner you've been doin' as few could really like 'owever mild-tempered. Which Balfour was nothink to it, though 'is was a n'edge, of course, an' he's still on it as I'm led to believe—but a pity to think h'otherwise through me 'aving felt it best to say nothink about it though well aware that Wuggles' cowman would be comin' at the 'alf-hour. A more reserved person than what I h'am myself—an' ad we gone in to our deaths an' never come out no more, what should I 'ave said when we got 'ome, I arst you, Miss Meary, which you've me to thank—"

At this moment Wuggles's cowman passed us by, and Mrs. Green paused in surprise. "Hi!" she shrieked, indignantly, and Mr. Walker stopped with a start. "It's 'igh time you milked these 'ere cows, me good man," said Mrs. Green, in a stately manner. "What you a-doin' of, forgettin' 'em like this 'ere?"

"What cows?" said Mr. Walker, after long thought.

"You'll soon see what cows if you come 'ere and see," replied Mrs. Green, with dignity. "Not as you can see 'em through their not bein' there to see along of their deceivingness, of course, but anyway it's 'igh time you took 'em out of it, which they're 'idin' on the other side of the 'ill."

Mr. Walker, not unnaturally, appeared to find these remarks surprising. He plunged into profound thought, staring at the field in question. Then he said with the deep conviction of one who recalls all: "There ain't no cows in that there field; there ain't been no cows in that there field a week come Wensdy. There's been seveng 'alf-grown fancy calves in it with no 'orns to 'em, as goes 'ome through an 'ole in the 'edge come four of an arternoon from 'abit."

EVELYN E. RYND.

HORSE AND HOUND IN THE PROVINCES.

OF late years the best provincial countries have become as fashionable as the shires. The hunting in High Leicestershire and over the grass countries is the best in the world; but even in those wide pastures there is not room for everyone. There are too many people, too many motors, too many second horses. There are, moreover, fences which can only be taken safely in two or three places.

When hounds run well, hunting is something of a scrimmage; everyone wants to be first at the gate, the gap, or the practicable places in the fence. The whole attention is concentrated on obtaining a good start or looking out for chances to recover a bad one. Hence it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to see hounds at work. But what is difficult in a fashionable country is comparatively easy in a first-rate provincial one.

The hounds are as good, the foxes often better, and if in first-class countries such as some of those illustrated here—the Grafton or Lord Harrington's, the Burton or the Holderness—there are sometimes more people out than are convenient, the natural features of the country, the woodlands,



H. Barrett.

IN THE RUFFORD COUNTRY.

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the fences, the drains, or even a stretch of arable, break up the field into fractions. Everyone who has hunted will notice how, if when riding and talking with a friend hounds find and begin to run, we lose sight of our comrade and do not see him till the close of the day, or perhaps not till we return home. Nevertheless, both of us have been riding our best to see the hunt. A fox-hunt is the image of war in that only our commanding officer, the Master, and the huntsman-in-chief of the staff, see the whole; the rest of us, like subaltern officers and private soldiers, see only that part of the battle in which we are ourselves engaged. There are two countries which seem to me always to combine the advantages of the shires and provinces—the Grafton and the Bicester. Let us take the former first, for we have here a sketch of Batchelor and the bitch pack, and I have some notes of recent sport. The Grafton are rather noted for their bony, hard-working bitch pack. Aconite, Venus, Vista are names which may perhaps some day be famous in foxhound history and pedigrees. The custom of the present Masters is to take the bitch pack into the open country, leaving the woodlands to the dog hounds. The Grafton and their neighbours, the Bicester, are very attractive to people fond of fox-hunting, and have that variety of country which, as we have seen, tends to break up the crowd. On the



H. E. Hatt.

ON AND OFF : DEVONSHIRE BANK. Copyright

almost to Griffin's Gorse. Now it would be hard to find a better line anywhere, chiefly grass strongly enclosed with fences



H. Barrett.

LORD HARRINGTON'S PACK.

Copyright

opening day (November 9th) the Grafton hounds (bitches) ran from Charwelton osier-beds right into the Bicester country,

that can be jumped by a made hunter. There is frequently an excellent scent in this district. In the evening the same pack drove well into the Bicester country once more. This country is in Northamptonshire, and it is not distinguishable in point of excellence from the Pytchley. On November 13th the same pack had an excellent gallop on the Brackley side. On the Wednesday previous, at Tilehouse, the country and the sport were different, the coverts being larger, but the final run with a dodging twisty outier was real hunting. The dog pack worked right up to their fox and killed him in the open. The Grafton and Bicester want better horses even than the flying countries round Melton. Perhaps I should be more correct if I said these countries require stronger horses. For example, were I hunting in Mr. Fernie's or the best of the Quorn, I should be content with a bold horse which was, at all events, not notably below my weight. But for the Grafton and Bicester I should want 14st. 7lb. horses for 13st., and the power to carry 15st. if I rode 14st. This means that the Grafton and Bicester countries are expensive countries in which to mount one's self. But those who have glanced at our pictures will observe that we are not only illustrating flying countries, since in several cases the horses are caught landing on a bank or leaping off. This means that the riders are hunting



U. Butters.

A HOLDERNESS DRAIN.

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in quite a different but not less sporting district. There are three banking countries known to me which are scarcely to be beaten by anything in England—the Blackmore Vale, the South Dorset and the Cattistock. The former has most grass, the second is the most level and the third the most varied. But in all banks are met with which have a more or less stout growth on the top and a ditch one side or the other and occasionally on both; the fields, too, are seldom on the same level, and if as you gallop over a field you see a high bank the chances are that when your horse springs to the top there will be but a slight drop into the next field.

On the other hand, if the first bank is quite low you may find quite a yawning chasm on the far side. At first, after the big, well-laid fences of the Midlands and their wide, uncompromising ditches, one is apt to think that in Somerset



H. Barrett.

FLYING FENCE IN ARABLE COUNTRY.

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have more falls in Dorsetshire than in Leicestershire. I have hunted in several banking countries and they vary a good deal. In Dorsetshire you can ride the way hounds go if you will; but in the Tiverton country—from which some of these



H. Barrett.

THE BURTON.

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and Dorset things are easy. Well, the fences are not big, but they are not simple either, and I should think that in the Blackmore Vale and the Cattistock men and women who go fairly well would, riding horses equally suitable,



H. E. Hatt.

LEADING OVER.

Copyright.

pictures are taken—you cannot go everywhere with hounds by any means, and in Somersetshire and Devonshire there are times when you cannot go anywhere except along the lanes; but at others you can ride, especially if you have a good pilot and a clever, steady horse. But in all these countries there is some arable land, and here you will find such fences as the one over which the three riders are flying. The obstacle shown is a light hedge on a cop, or low bank, and a ditch; one can tell this by the pace the riders have put on, at what does not at first sight seem a particularly formidable fence. The attitudes of the horses are characteristic, and especially so is that of the horse which has landed and will in one moment be settled into his stride across the field. We are taken into quite a different but not less sporting country when we find ourselves looking at the Burton and Holderness. The former is a stiff clay country, but a very sporting one. The latter, though it has drains big enough to hold a horse in some places, is known to outsiders chiefly by these same forbidding drains, yet has plenty of variety. What takes people into the eastern district of the Holderness country, where the big cuts are met with, is that it is a remarkably good scenting country with wild foxes and a capital pack of hounds. Only on the eastern or Holderness side, then, will you find these

drains. In the days when I hunted in Lincolnshire, and I do not know that Holderness drains were much deeper or wider than ours were, I remember a young farmer on a well-bred lop-eared bay who used to show us all the way when we got among the big drains. Of course, a horse unused to them would try to fly, land just short, and after a struggle or two slide back into the position depicted here. Our young farmer and his horse had quite a different plan; neatly and cleverly they crept down to the very edge of the water, then the horse sprang to the opposite bank and scrambled up the far side with safety. Supposing, however, your horse is in a ditch or brook and shows no more inclination than the one here portrayed to make an effort to come out, you will have recourse to a rope and a cart-horse; then put the rope round the horse's neck: it looks painful and dangerous, but, so far as I know, never fails to draw the horse out safely, provided, of course, he has not injured himself in falling in. Not only in the Holderness, but in Lord Fitzhardinge's, in the West Somerset and in the Southwold Hunt have I seen these big drains. But I learned the rope trick at the Smite, which divides Lord Harrington's country from the Belvoir. Here the farmers and their men have considerable practice in rescue work, and the above is the method they follow. In Lord Harrington's country, which is again an instance of the infinite variety of our best provincial countries, the artist has rightly centred our interest on the hounds. I know nothing more interesting and exciting than to see a high-class pack of hounds like these at a check. We are galloping alongside the pack, but not too close, only we are near enough to see hounds carrying a head, each one straining to snatch the scent, and therefore the pack is running with a wide front. The rippling chorus ceases, and if you are an observant person, as every fox-hunter ought to be, you will recognise the fact that hounds no longer have the line. The *H. E. Hatt.*



TAKING THE LINE UP THE HEDGEROW.

Copyright.

steady hounds in the centre are already spreading out, the impetuous ones throw up their heads and look back to see what the trusted ones are doing. One or two hounds lean in a certain direction to right or left. Then, under the hedge, you see a stern waving; the hounds see it too, and if it is a trusted comrade they go to the signal. Suddenly the leader shoots out with a cry, "I told you so; here it is, here it is," and in a moment the pack is running as hard as ever. Begin to ride as soon as you can without over-riding the pack, for if the fox has waited, as he may well have done, in that double hedgerow, and hounds have drawn nearer to him, a quick pack like this will leave you in a moment. Why do not hounds always run away from us? Well, the picture of "Leading Over" is an answer. Such fences as a fairly good man to hounds can only cross by "leading," hounds can only penetrate by creeping, perhaps in one place. That is one reason. Another is that a good pack neither can, nor will, go faster than the scent allows, and that is generally at a much slower pace than a horse can gallop over a country. The better a pack of hounds the more easy it is to over-ride them, because they will not run a yard without the scent. Such a pack will go faster between two given points, because they check less often, and seldom over-run the line. The apparently fast but flashy pack wastes much time in correcting its own mistakes; the steady one is always pushing on and drawing nearer to the fox. When once a fox is started, he is, as old Goosey, the famous Belvoir huntsman, used to say, a "toddling" animal; that is, he keeps going on, and if hounds are always losing ground he will run them out of scent altogether. Half the foxes that escape do so because hounds are flashy or the huntsman is in a hurry. There is, however, another reason why foxes escape and hounds check after a sharp burst, and that is because the pack is blown, and a winded hound can

neither run nor smell out a line. That, of course, is the huntsman's fault, because he has neglected the steady, long exercise which is so necessary. But this opens out new subjects, and takes us away from the subjects of our pictures, which with some recent sport are our topic.

X.

OUR GREATEST COUNTRYMAN.

CANON BEECHING'S lecture on "Mr. Greenwood's re-statement of the Shakespeare Problem," delivered to the Royal Society of Literature on November 25th, has an importance beyond its connection with its immediate purpose. The ostensible aim of the speaker was to demolish what is called the Shakespeare problem as it has been recently stated by Mr. Greenwood. In the course of his speech he incidentally drew a picture of Shakespeare and his life which very few in England are capable of equaling. Canon Beeching is one of our ablest men of letters; but he does not appear before the public half as often as could be wished. His style is the simplest and clearest imaginable; no one thinks more definitely and in such lucid terms. He is also a poet of no mean order, who might have attained a position close to the highest if he had not given himself up so much to his calling. It is interesting and curious, therefore, to notice the kind of picture he draws of the Stratford of William Shakespeare, in whose days it could not have been the rural retreat which it has become under the guardianship of Miss Marie Corelli. Mr. Greenwood's idea was that Stratford in Shakespeare's time was a very squalid and dirty place. Probably there was a kitchen midden in front

of every house, drainage did not exist, nor sanitation of any kind, and the habits of the people matched their surroundings. No doubt this is perfectly true; but we know that out of similar conditions genius has been developed more than once in historic times. After all, improvement in the villages dates chiefly from the year 1870. Those who lived before that time knew all the squalor and all the filth which has been so often described with such Rabelaisian directness. But we may be very sure that William Shakespeare, being what he was, did not rest contentedly every day, to use Canon Beeching's strong expression, near "the muck-heaps" of Stratford-on-Avon. All round about lay then, and lies still, a delightful rural country, where the lark and other birds could be heard singing, where the labourer whistled to his plough-horses, and Darby and Joan exchanged love tokens at the country stiles.

We can easily see how the youth delighted in listening to and watching what must have been the commonest of occurrences during his walks. These walks, be it remembered, were in all probability taken right across the Cotswold Hills, for his father was a wool-stapler, and Cirencester was at that time the great centre for the sale of sheep and wool. Such songs as "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way," "When icicles hang on the wall" and a hundred others bear testimony to the fact that the love of the fields as known around Stratford-on-Avon had so deeply impressed itself on the mind of the boy that when he came to write it broke forth in spite of himself. Mr. Greenwood has not, as far as we know, touched this aspect of the matter; but it would be most interesting to hear how any of Shakespeare's contemporaries had opportunity of taking into their very life-blood the scenes, sights and sounds which plainly must have assailed the eye and ear of the young inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon.

So, too, they might have witnessed the hawking and coursing which supply him with so many metaphors and allusions. It is safe to say that no one who had not been a country boy could possibly have written the Shakespeare plays. When Milton described him as "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, warbling his native wood-notes wild," the reference is very plain. An argument against all this is drawn from the fact that in the plays there is no reference to the grammar school to which William Shakespeare would naturally have gone, as the eldest son of the chief alderman. But, as a matter of fact, it is not by any means every writer who thinks it necessary to name his schoolmaster in his works, and those of many a man may be studied in vain for any mention of the kind. We may safely assume that William did go to the Stratford grammar school, and that he escaped from it whenever he could to wander by the Avon or pursue country pastimes in the lovely meadows adjoining. Canon Beeching, like all of us, is driven into the region of conjecture when he tries to picture what the subsequent life of Shakespeare could possibly have been. It could not have been very smooth running,

because the man from whom came so many piercing and poignant phrases in the latter part of his life must have lived through many critical moments when he was younger. There is in the plays many a passage that, fortunately, no one could write from mere inspiration. There is bitter and painful experience behind them. We know enough of Shakespeare's life to see that what we say must have been true. That he had his moments of rapturous love and that trouble followed those moments are perfectly clear; that his finances were those of a hot-headed and probably prodigal young man is fairly evident; that the problems of life presented themselves with unusual difficulty is evidenced by the fact that he had to run away from Stratford-on-Avon, and whether it be true or no that he held horses in London as a means of earning an occasional sixpence, it is certain that he was driven to hard straits for a livelihood. It is, however, out of fire like that that gold comes twice refined, and we can see the detachment with which Shakespeare viewed all the rest of the world when, the turmoil of his own life over, he could use the incidents it had contained as material for drama.

CHILDREN AND GARDENS.

IT is a question whether the world of Make-believe or the world of Reality is the fairest to the child-mind. Each occupies its own realm, well defined and perfectly understood, and each is wrapped in its own glamour of enchantment. What a child resents in its innate craving after truth—and we none of us realise it, perhaps, as we should—is the sham which tries to pass itself off for reality. On this account, among others, we may safely venture to predict a great welcome for a new book for children which a happy fate has launched at this most timely season. Miss Jekyll, in the fascinating chapters of her "Children and Gardens" (COUNTRY LIFE Library), shows how the crowning joy of reality may be set on the play hours of girls and even boys who, eager to take Time by the forelock, love nothing so much as pretending to be "grown-ups." No doubt the book will appeal in greatest measure to the children who are blessed with country homes. But how many a town-bred child, absorbed in these alluring descriptions of country delights, will see visions and dream dreams of a veritable fairyland of delicious new plays—of the laying out of a real garden, the planning of real instead of only doll's-house feasts, of the elfin joy of flower-gathering, the linking of daisy-chains and tossing of sweet-smelling cowslip balls, of roasting potatoes in glowing embers, of dabbling of tiny toes in the cool water of the garden tank. A real garden—that is just the point. As a rule, the children's gardens are poked away in some dismal corner where no plant will nor could attempt to grow, but which is, however,



"NOW WE'LL GIVE SOME TO THE BIG GARDEN BORDERS."

considered good enough for the little people to "spuddle" in. In fact, this is precisely one of those shams—accepted for the moment in all child-like good faith—which after a short trial none more quickly detect than the children themselves. Self-evident as it is, how few of us have had the wit in the past to perceive that

"it is neither fair nor reasonable to give a child who wishes for a garden a place that is full of difficulties; or have guessed that to do so is to crush at the outset that latent healthy instinct which the good God has implanted in so many human hearts to be a joy and solace from youth to age." Again, only an experienced gardener would advise the giving of the flower-plot ready made into the children's keeping, rather than to leave the planning of it to the immature efforts of small hands. The elders have learned, probably hardly enough and through many delays and failures, the difficulties of "beginning at the beginning" in garden matters. The children may well be allowed the happiness and incitement of beginning in the middle of the one art in which it may be possible for exception to prove the rule.

But while "Children and Gardens" is essentially a book to



THE SAND HOUSE.

be put into a child's own hands, appealing to and fostering as it does some of the best cravings of early years, it is one that not many parents, whose aim is to train their children for a happy and useful future, could read without much gain of food for thought. It fell to the lot of the present writer at the age of sixteen—with no preparation but book learning, and through wilful idleness not too much of that—to be transplanted from the matter-of-course luxuries of English home life into the discomforts and even hardships, greater than now, of a Canadian settlement. Looking back, one sees how many needless failures and heart-breaking miseries might have been saved if play hours between the age of ten and fourteen had sometimes been devoted to the practice of real instead of make-believe cookery, and the preparation of a few simple but appetising dishes for play-house parties. A grand adjunct, indeed, to the schoolroom is the play-house on the lines here laid down, and it should command itself at almost any personal sacrifice to the parents of country-bred children. The English home is, and has been for centuries, a distinctive trait of our national life, separating it from the manners and customs of other European peoples. But there are not wanting signs—and more's the pity—of a loosening of its bands. We talk glibly enough of home when we chance to be absent from it, but, nevertheless, a vast number of us, either of necessity or by inclination, live abroad, or in Continental fashion, spending as little of our time as



"IT'S A PRICKLY JOB."

possible under our own roof-tree. So far, indeed, in these days are we from taking our pleasures sadly that we "grown-ups" are in great danger of becoming recklessly absorbed in the amusements and "movement" of the age, to the threatened destruction of all that once constituted English home life. The serious question arises: "Are we, nationally, the better or the happier for it?" To lose one's self in these delightful pages is like basking in all the freshness of morning in the sunshine of an early summer day. Turning over the fine illustrations we cannot fail to recognise how lovely a thing such a country home may be as we find it there portrayed, with its happy children busied in their simple pleasures, its setting of fair and fragrant flowers, its household pets, its thousand and one charms and interests. Full, besides, it may be of inherent fun and merriment, as betokened by those delicious "kitten-plans" which illuminate the last pages of the book.

To initiate children into the rudiments of some half-dozen arts and sciences, domestic and otherwise, in a manner so clear and practical and artistic and seductive withal that the lessons conveyed cannot fail to retain life-long value, is no light task, and we who are parents or grandparents may well be grateful. Santa Claus will do yeoman's service—as we hope, indeed, he



TABBY IN THE CATMINT: "THIS SMELLS VERY GOOD"

may—if he tucks a copy of this inspiring volume into every Christmas package which goes on its way this year to British or Colonial homes.

K. L. D.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GARDENING.

English Houses and Gardens in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.
A series of Bird's-eye Views by Kip, Baddeley, Harris and others, with descriptive notes by Mervyn Macartney. (Batsford.)

In a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE an excellent and experienced critic of gardens, relating how the small formal Elizabethan garden became later over-enlarged and over-elaborated "by attempting on a large scale what had been intended, and rightly used, on a small scale," states that the result was "an uninteresting vastness, dull sameness, a wearying reiteration, a mindless commonplace," which began to spread over English country places and naturally led to a reaction. It is impossible, when turning over this most valuable and interesting series of plates, not to feel the justness of this criticism as applied to many of them. The house sometimes almost disappears as a feature of small importance in the midst of a huge carpet pattern of avenues and rectangular and other formally outlined areas, juxtaposed in almost endless succession. To this kind of thing there had to be a limit, and, in fact, the limit was one quickly reached except in the case of enormous palaces. To surround a vast pile like Versailles with an immense development of avenues, waters, parterres, terraces and so forth, all duly subordinated to one another, and grouped together harmoniously in relation to the central building, was well enough, but the size of the palace was an essential element in the design. A smaller building would have been swallowed up and annihilated by such surroundings. Opening the book almost at random, plenty of examples of such over-development salute the eye. Take, for instance, the garden round Acklam Hall, Yorkshire. No doubt it would be an entertaining panorama upon which to look down from a balloon, but what could be more tedious to wander in? Seen from the ground level, this multitude of squares and alleys would have disguised their own intended design by getting in one another's way; and though some of the individual parts are in themselves excellently designed, the total effect of them all together would by no means have corresponded to the labour and expense of laying them out. Anyone who has walked up the Champs Elysées knows how infinitely boring to traverse is a long, straight alley. A house surrounded by nothing but such alleys as ways of approach or places for walking in, would be the most tiresome place conceivable in which to live. If it looks well from a balloon, or even when seen from selected points of view, that can be but small compensation; nor is the fact that the views from the windows are pleasing sufficient to justify such exclusive treatment. Formal gardens must needs be proportioned rightly to two factors—the length of a man's legs and the size of his house. A garden is a

frame for the house, a place to find pleasure in wandering about. No one wants to perambulate around countless rectangles. A house, like a picture, can be annihilated by its frame, and many a garden laid out between 1680 and 1730 had this fatal defect. This does not mean that long avenues of approach or for vistas are not worth while, but that a great garden defined all over by such straight ways of great extension is a weariness to live in. The proper surrounding for a country house and its garden is agricultural land—fields, woods, meadows. The garden is a transitional region between the one and the other, and as such its right organisation is not difficult to define. As a setting for the house it must be designed in relation to the architecture. As a frame to the country it must be designed in relation to the immediate neighbourhood. As a place of recreation it must be designed in relation to the inhabitants of the house and their pleasures. Thus a garden must be a compromise between architecture and Nature and between the designer thinking only of an artistic arrangement and the human beings who are to live and play, wander, read or talk in it. About a great number of the gardens depicted in this book there is no compromise whatever, and the result is that in very few cases indeed have these gardens stood the test of use. Architects may rave against the destruction wrought by owners upon such clever and elaborate designs. The fact is that these gardens were boring things in which to live and so they were done away with. Like the man in *Punch* years ago, who said to the bootmaker, "I came to you for boots to fit my feet, not to plane down my feet to fit your boots," so the owner of one of these houses might have objected to the garden provided for him. In most cases the garden of this type postulates a submission of the owners to it, there is no sign of its adaptation to them. In the case of the smaller Elizabethan gardens this was not the case. They made no considerable demands. The area they covered was small. If you tired of their alleys and figures you were soon beyond them. They were but a suitably-sized carpet round the house (as, for instance, at Hatfield), and beyond them were the parks, fields and woods of

which no one could ever tire. Moreover, these small gardens were frequently cut up by walls, as, for instance, at New Place, Herts; and the contained areas were small enough to be intimate. They were human in dimensions and, therefore, satisfying. Of course, if a garden is to accommodate not a family, but a court, the conditions are different. If ever we are to come to some horrible condition of Socialist existence, when we live in communities without privacy or personal ownership, corresponding changes in gardens may become necessary, and vast formal arrangements may have a new *raison d'être*. Up till now gardens have been made for families, and it is because that has been their purpose that the large formal gardens have never been able to maintain themselves. It is amusing to think what may happen to garden design if we take to flying, and if the view from above becomes as important as the view from the ground. Then, perhaps, the formal garden on a large scale may have a new chance. Enormous carpets of "gardenised" ground formally laid out would certainly be very effective as beheld from 2,000ft. overhead. It was probably a true instinct that made the artists who engraved these prints treat them always as bird's-eye views. Few of them would offer much temptation to the artist on the ground. The cleverness of their planning, the undoubted skill of the plot-treatment can only be seen from above. Many of these plans must have been a revelation to the people who lived in the houses. Scarcely less remarkable is the skill of the engravers and draughtsmen. These plates have a distinct value of their own as works of art, and many of them are executed with remarkable skill and according to an excellent tradition, long extinct. It was well worth while to bring them together and reproduce them carefully. They are a record of the past of real value. They show a side of our social history that would scarcely be realised by anyone who only knew, however thoroughly, the actual England of to-day. The gardens they depict belong to a past epoch and will never be revived, but they contain many a valuable suggestion for landscape gardeners in our own day, who would assuredly never dream of reproducing any one of them in its entirety. M. C.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A CONUNDRUM.

IT is a very dreadful moment if you happen to be a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, and in any, even the humblest, sense looked upon as an authority concerning golf, when a person (often one with whom you have no previous, nor wish any subsequent, acquaintance) approaches you and says, "Would you kindly tell me what happens when, etc.?" This is a calamitous address which was proffered to the present writer last week; and on the further exposition of the "when," that is to say, of the problem of which the solution was required, he had to confess himself as utterly at a loss as a man who has played golf for many more years than he likes reckoning often finds himself. What had occurred was that a man had sent his caddie to the hole, it being his opponent's turn to play—the flag-stick was one of these long poles often used when the hole is virtually a "blind" one to hoist the flag within view of the golfer approaching it—and, as the caddie pulled this great hop-pole out, the tin of the hole came halfway out with it and was left with a tin edge of 2in. high or so sticking up in such a way that the ball, which would otherwise have gone into the hole, hit this tin wall and, of course, stayed outside. What happens? Had it been the player's own caddie who had erected this obstacle between ball and hole the answer might conceivably be "rub of the green," which is as much as to say, "You must grin and bear it." But it was the opponent's caddie who had done this thing, and surely the opponent's caddie ought not to be given a free hand to erect you an obstacle against your ball going into the hole! Yet it is not very clear (to me, at least) under what rule you are to bind his hand, or to penalise its offence. Had the tin remained sticking to the pole while the latter was still in his hand, you might perhaps get at him under the rule which penalises him (and with him his

master, for in this temporary, quasi-conjugal partnership are they not one?) if he allow the ball to hit the flag-stick which is held in his hand. But in this case the pole had come quite away from the tin, which was left isolated, sticking its lip out affrontly. What should be the right decision? Even our latest ideal code does not seem to deal with this hard case.

WANTED—MORE PRACTICE GROUND.

It has been suggested that if you find yourself temporarily much off your play with one or other of the clubs in your set it is a good plan to go away by yourself, quietly, to an unoccupied corner of the links and have half-an-hour or so of thorough explanation with this particular club. There is almost a suggestion of a religious ceremonial about this retreat from the world with the occasion of all your errors—or, at least, of the most glaring. This we wrote, long ago, with the whole of the far-spreading Northam Burrows, on which is set out the Royal North Devon Golf Club's splendid course, before us. In these latter days it has been borne home on us very strongly how difficult it is, even with the best will in the world, on many, and perhaps on most courses, to find this unoccupied retreat where you may prayerfully correct your errors. It was especially emphasised by the advice which the Le Touquet professional gave quite lately there when the executive were discussing the idea of making an overflow course of nine holes, for the accommodation of the tyro—a course which should be so guiltless of hazard and difficulty as to flatter his tender susceptibilities. Do not make another course, said this wise man, but clear a space of 200yds. or 300yds. where I can give lessons. That is really the practical want, on most courses—a piece of practice ground. It might be had easily enough, if only the want were realised, except where the holes fit into the available space like the details of a Chinese



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

puzzle. At all events, there are many clubs that might gratefully take this gentle hint.

FOURSOMES IN THE AIR.

Duncan and Mayo have not let the grass grow under their feet after their recent victory. They have promptly issued a challenge to the world, and it is definitely stated that Braid and Taylor have accepted it, subject to a stipulation that the match shall be played in March and April, and not in January. At this proposed alteration the prospective spectator will rejoice, for watching golf in a bitter winter wind is a cold business, if hardly so cold as playing it, for there is no limit to the number of great-coats that the onlooker may wear, while the player must retain some freedom of limb. At the moment of writing the venue of the match has not been announced, and we do not know whether this is to be a seaside or an inland match. As all four players have their headquarters at London clubs, London has no doubt a strong claim for a part of the match, and Sunningdale is the course that clearly suggests itself. Braid and Taylor is a combination that has not often been seen in a foursome, a difference of nationality ranging them on opposite sides in any International contest. What a magnificent pair they should make on a windy day; no two players are quite so consistently skilful in cheating the wind with shots that fight their way along at about the height of a man's head. The weather we had at Prince's a fortnight ago would have suited them to a marvel. Duncan and Mayo will need to play better than they did that day if they are to hold them; but, on the other hand, the golf of the challengers at Deal was good enough for anything. These young men improve so quickly that they may have made another perceptible advance by April, and that would be a bad look-out even for Braid and Taylor. The possibility of defeat for these two champions at present appears fairly remote; to beat them would not only be extremely difficult—it would be a most sacrilegious act.

OXFORD'S RECENT MATCHES.

Cambridge have been hibernating of late, but Oxford have been very busy and have certainly increased the respect in which they are held. At Hollinwell, Mr. Lee put a team in the field against them which, if not very strong in the tail, was very formidable as to its head. The head, however, did not cover itself with any particular glory; Mr. Blackwell just managed to beat Mr. Landale, but Mr. Pollock and Mr. Taylor were both defeated. Clearly those who lead the Oxford side are very good players indeed; perhaps in the winter months they are in rather better practice than some of their opponents, whose golf is confined to an occasional week-end; but as a compensating disadvantage it must be remembered that they play nearly all their matches on other people's courses. On Saturday last they had the pleasure of receiving their opponents in their native and exceedingly muddy fastnesses of Radley. These opponents were the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, and as this is a particularly friendly match and becomes actually convivial as the day wears on, no more suitable termination could be imagined than a halved match. Whatever else may occur in this match there is one hardy annual, namely, the victory of Mr. Croome over his opponent, usually by a large number of holes. On this occasion the opponent made a most gallant struggle, was actually two up at the turn, and only lost at the seventeenth hole. Mr. Hooman, who has been doing very well lately, suffered rather a severe set-back at the hands of Mr. Beveridge, and Mr. Gordon Barry beat Mr. Robertson-Durham by the shameful expedient of doing two consecutive holes in two each.

ONES AND TWOS.

These delightful things, the rows of consecutive twos or the occasional one, very seldom come when they are badly wanted; they arrive rather at such times as we do not in the very least care what happens either to us or our opponent. Who has ever done a one in a medal round, unless, indeed, he has first torn up his card and scattered it to the four winds? It is true that Jamie Anderson had a one in a championship and, what is more, it was one of the last four or five holes when every stroke saved was of incalculable value; but such occurrences are pitifully rare. For a hole in one to give the maximum of pleasure it should occur at a supremely critical moment, when the adversary has laid his tee shot near enough to the hole to make him thoroughly self-satisfied and ourselves rather despairing. Then the hole must not be a blind one; we must see the ball trickling nearer and nearer and finally drop in. Sometimes it rests against the flag and we have the pleasure of gingerly manoeuvring the pole so that the ball shall fall gently in. A blind hole takes away half the fun; the holing by Tom Vardon of a long pitch at Prince's the other day was a comparatively tame affair, for the reason that a little hill hid the bottom of the flag and prevented the spectators from seeing the ball actually disappear.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

series of threes and twos as substantially to reduce his deficit and demoralise his adversary into the bargain, he was a beaten man. No astonishing turns of fortune's wheel came to help him, and he was, in fact, rather heavily beaten, but he is no doubt a good player and must not be severely judged by the result of his first money match. "Experientia does it" was the maxim of Mr. Micawber's papa, and Reid had a great deal more of that most valuable asset.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

Neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Asquith, though golfers both, leading their respective teams in the rather one-sided match over the Education Bill's course, seems to have spoken with any special reference to the caddie question, although that is one of the vexatious details touching the education of youth which seem to be always with us. The odds were too heavy on the other side, but Mr. Balfour was in the best of form, as indeed he has shown himself (no doubt much to the comfort of Mr. Crawley-Boevey—it is to be hoped this reference is not too recondite to be intelligible) all through the autumn session. It was said of Mr. Balfour, by one of his colleagues in the late Cabinet, speaking to the present writer, "You see, he is worth six holes in the round to us." This was in the course of a lament over the leader's absence owing to a temporary indisposition. Opposition, or perhaps it is freedom from the responsibility of office, has improved Mr. Balfour's game of late more than little. He is hitting at the ball much harder than he used to, with more confidence and more compactness, and the result is that the ball travels a great deal further. He has played very well in some competitions during the past autumn, and up to the point at which he was hit on the head at that most dangerous corner of the course, the High-Hole-Coming-In, was playing a game which might very well have put him at the top of the net score list at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. No man quite knows, of those who have taken up golf recently, his possible obligations to Mr. Arthur Balfour, who set the vogue of the game in the eighties, so that it became known (which is equivalent to saying appreciated) universally. Had it not been for Mr. Balfour's setting of the fashion golf might never have come in the way of many a man who is now much the better of it. Mr. Balfour is a gallant partner in a foursome. He can always rise to the occasion and hole a good putt at a crisis. It is this quality principally which makes him worth six holes in the round to his party in the House.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Even in these strenuous times the Chancellor of the Exchequer can find time for an occasional game, and is here depicted taking part in a foursome at

Walton Heath a very few days ago; the latter course, together with Hanger Hill and Lewes, are those upon which he chiefly plays. His putter is particularly to be observed, having a blade of unconscionable length and thinness, with which Mr. Lloyd-George holes out with equal accuracy and decision, an achievement that he always hails with obvious delight. The Treasury has an annual golfing handicap of its own, for which the Chancellor of the Exchequer entered, as was only proper, but, unfortunately, he was compelled to scratch at the last moment, and so was prevented from achieving one more triumph in his new office. The Parliamentary handicap is, however, still open to him, and he may yet emulate Mr. Balfour in winning it.

THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

The attendance of no more than fifteen delegates at the meeting of London club representatives convened the other day to discuss the London Amateur Foursomes, does not bespeak any frantic and general enthusiasm for that competition. This is a pity, since it is competition infinitely more deserving of encouragement than most. The fact that up till now all the matches have had to be played on a specified one of four courses, all situated in the south of London, was, no doubt, somewhat inconvenient for golfers from the north; possibly, too, some people had a disquieting feeling that there were other courses equally worthy of the honour. The tendency of modern golfing legislation is to be as democratic as possible: everything is to be thrown open, rotas are to be abolished and now the

committee must select a suitable and neutral course for each particular foursome. Probably this plan will popularise the tournament with everybody except the committee, whose task will be, at least for the first round or two, both arduous and irritating. It is to be hoped that they will be very firm in setting themselves a high standard in the matter of courses. Many London courses during the winter months are equally indescribable and unplayable.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF DESTROYING WORMS.

The recent mild autumnal weather has given excellent opportunity to the plenteous green-keeper for getting the worms out of the putting greens. It should be more generally known than it appears to be that this is an operation which can be very much more effectively performed in mild and moist weather than when the ground is baked by the sun or hardened by drying winds. At such times the worms are far below the surface of the ground, so that the fluid which generally causes them to come up to the top in evident discomfort does not appear to reach them. Moreover, at such a season the ground is itself much less permeable by the liquid. It is wonderful how loth the worms seem to be to come up when the wind is in the east, the wind from this quarter seeming to have something of the same subtle effect on them as it has on the trout, which then decline to rise, and on the rabbits, which refuse to be bolted by the ferret. It is melancholy to see the green-keeper working sedulously with his worm-destroyer on a hard surface and getting little response for his trouble and expense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I suppose it is a hopeless and idle task to oppose or protest against the numerous instances where ecclesiastical and educational authorities still offer to "eminent architects" opportunities of exercising their inherited instinct for the destruction (under guise of restoration) of the remaining examples of mediaeval work in this country. It is, however, most disheartening that such work should go on, stolidly and ceaselessly, quite unaffected by the loud and universal expression of love and veneration for all buildings that are in any way ancient and historical. There is, in this contrast of words and deeds, much of the same hollow mockery and easy falsehood that finds material expression in the gallery which has just been completed in Winchester College Chapel. Your readers know, from letters that you have published during the course of its erection, that it is constructed of iron girders and some sort of patent cement. The wooden frontal, therefore, far from being as it should be, the visible exemplification of the method and material of its composition, is a sham and a disguise. That the desire of its designer to deceive has been successful is clear from the fact that the daily Press describes it as "constructed of solid oak." To have thoroughly taken in the newspaper reporter and the newspaper-reading public is a merit which cannot be denied to the architect. But it is the only merit which can be accorded to him. This architectural "inexactitude" is not only blameworthy in itself, it is also a cruelty to the building which it has defaced. The cement and gilder erection destroys the lines of William of Wykeham's interior. It

cuts horizontally right through one of the south windows and one of the north arches. To get to it the tracery of the window-frame above this arch has been mutilated. The full effect of the graceful fan tracery roof is spoilt by this intrusive feature hung in mid-air. But, despite the outcry its erection has caused, the gallery is there, and there it will remain until another—or the same—"eminent architect," acting on behalf of the same or a succeeding governing body, thinks it ought to be swept away and something which will in its turn be called "a very harmonious and handsome addition" takes its place. Meanwhile the hand of the architect is freed for further work of a similar kind. The Chancellor of the Winchester Diocese has just granted the faculty desired by the vicar of Romsey to enable him to plan a brand-new imitative Gothic porch on to the north side of the Abbey church where no such porch ever before existed. The design chosen has been "prepared" by the author of the Winchester College Chapel gallery. Will it be "composed of solid oak" in the same honest manner?—M. A.

ON THE ROAD TO TIVOLI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The accompanying photograph taken by Mr. G. R. Ballance on the road to Tivoli suggests many associations. Along this famous Roman road, on which to-day these peasant women pass on their way to witness the festivities in connection with the Papal jubilee, half the history of the world



has taken place. Without taking into consideration the mythical legend of Romulus and Remus, it will be recalled that all the great generals bent on the conquest of Rome proceeded by this road, while there are few more interesting figures in history than that of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, one of the most learned and talented women the world has ever seen, who spent so many years of her life in captivity at Tivoli under the Emperor Aurelian. She it was who for years defied the might of Rome, and as Queen of the East withstood the onslaughts of the legions until two decisive battles ended her empire. It was along this road, too, that Arnold of Brescia passed after the submission of Tivoli to confront Pope Innocent in Rome itself. After all the storm and stress of past ages, it is a pleasant sight to witness the procession of these happy, peaceful peasants wending their way to swell the throng of pilgrims gathering in the Basilica of St. Peter's to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Pius's ordination.—H. T. G.

A HUGE JOKE!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time previously you reproduced a group of fisher-boys and



entitled the picture "Imps of Mischief." I now send a somewhat humorous study of three fisher-boys taken at Staithes, near Whitby. Evidently something I said highly amused them, and the result, I think, justifies the title of "A Huge Joke."—H. P. HOPKINS.

FRESH ARAB BLOOD FOR THE TURF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to "Inquirer's" letter in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, might I point out that the experiment he suggests has often been tried, even up to quite recent times, and has consistently proved a failure, for at any rate the last hundred years or so. I do not know whence "Inquirer" derived his idea as to madness among race-horses being due to inbreeding, but bad temper is proverbially brief madness, and yet the produce of the greatest outcross physically possible with the horse is the mule, whose evil temper is notorious, while Bendigo, whose greatness as a race-horse is attributed by Mr. Bruce Lowe to close inbreeding, is described as having the ideal temper for a race-horse—the courage of a knight-errant combined with the gentleness of a child—showing that the idea is a somewhat unfortunate one. At the same time, madness among race-horses is no more due to inbreeding *per se* than is chicken-pox among men; and the idea that deterioration is caused by inbreeding *per se* is a firmly-rooted and widespread delusion having about as much scientific foundation in fact as the old belief that the nighjahr sucks goats. I would recommend "Inquirer" to read Huth's "Marriage of Near Kin" with an open mind. It is written in somewhat an old-fashioned style, and may not put the case for "inbreeding" anything like forcibly enough—especially as regards the race-horse—seeing how deep-rooted is the delusion as to the virtues of "outcrossing," except among a few famous breeders; but it is very fair and "undogmatic," and contains a mass of facts which, I think, would interest "Inquirer." It is amusing to note that the squires of Queen Anne's time were complaining even then of the deterioration of the race-horse through inbreeding; but, although that estimable lady is proverbially dead, their complaint, founded on a misinterpretation of facts—as in the case of the goat-sucker—still survives. It is somewhat curious, too, that the best race-horse of their day was the incestuously inbred Flying Childers, and the vast deterioration of the race-horse through inbreeding which has taken place during the two centuries that have elapsed since that day is strikingly shown by the fact that this famous race-horse, who was of entirely Eastern blood, could not—were he alive—live at racing pace for a couple of furlongs with the worst of the winning geldings of the present day, who could easily give such an animal 2st.

or 3st. and beat him at any distance from five furlongs to ten miles, although quite unable to extend a modern horse of good class. In fact, one might show that St. Simon was some 10st. better than Flying Childers, and probably the latter could not have gone fast enough to make him gallop even at that enormous difference in weight. If inbreeding *per se* is so deteriorating, how comes it that when continued for over two centuries, or more than twenty equine generations, it produces such a splendid example of progress as that? And how comes it that the 300—(was it not?)—original male lines of the Stud Book are reduced to only three (or, for practical purposes, only one), and the eighty-eight original female lines are reduced to about fifty (or, for practical purposes, about fifteen)? And how comes it that for very many years it has been impossible to introduce fresh outside blood among thorough-breds with any chance of success of improving them? I trust I have said enough to point out to "Inquirer" the uselessness of the remedy he proposes.—L. H. O. J.

BEATING WALNUT TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lived many years close to a walnut tree, and have noticed that the catkin, or male flower, comes on the old wood, and the pistil, or female, which has the nut under it, on the new. Hence the beating breaks off the tips of boughs, and two new shoots develop and two sets of nuts. This accounts for the walnut tree being the better for the beating.—E. KINGHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself an "Owner of Walnut Trees" raises the old, but interesting, question of beating the trees to make them fruitful, and asks for information respecting this operation. Personally I think the whole thing has arisen from some imaginative brain and has no value whatever. Certainly the beating of the trees when in bud could have no good effect on the current year's crop, as the flowers would at that period be formed in embryo, but damage might well be done by bruising, or even dislodging, buds. It is widely believed, even at the present time, that the beating and bruising of the trees when the crop is ripe induces fruitfulness; but I know several trees which for years past have been allowed to cast their fruits naturally without being beaten in any way, and they have always cropped as well as others in the same locality which have been regularly thrashed.—H.

CORNER POSTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Owing to their position, generally adorning houses in narrow thoroughfares, the old angle posts common to corner houses in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are among the first things to be removed to make way for



improvements or commercial convenience. These picturesque old corner posts were usually elaborately carved with quaint or more often grotesque figures, the latter frequently being a broad satire on some phase of monastic life. To this class belongs the old corner post shown in the photograph; it stands at the corner of the Half Moon public-house, in Foundation Street in the old town of Ipswich. The carving upon it illustrates the old fable of the "Fox and Geese." Ipswich possessed many religious and monastic houses, and one could imagine some scoffing layman carving these quaint figures, the fox representing the monks, slyly suggesting that they were rogues and deceivers, and those who listened to and heeded them were silly geese.—L. A. SIMPSON.

WHERE OWLS ARE NEEDED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have no wish to enter into a controversy with those who hold that owls are deadly to game, and take young pheasants and occasionally young rabbits, but I think you will agree with me that, in the particular situation in which I am placed, it is impossible to exaggerate their value. It is my luck to inhabit a farmhouse, on one side of which are the usual outbuildings. We fatten a few cattle in the course of the year, and a very great number of pigs, for which there are special facilities. On the other side is a mill the wheel of which is kept constantly going. Thus there is a plentiful supply of food for the rats and mice abounding in numbers which no persecution can reduce. It is quite true that we can clear them out temporarily by taking heroic measures. After a day or two's hard ferreting no trace of a rat can be found in the neighbourhood, and the mice, too, take fright after being trapped for a while as well as being constantly subjected to the vigilance of a number of cats. But a number of rats seem only to migrate to the banks of a little stream that drives the mill, where they hide among the reeds and water-herbs. They are a very prolific people, and in the course of a week or two come swarming back to the mill and to the pigsties. The owls are by far the best check on them—the wood-owl which breeds in the trees of an old avenue leading up to the ruins of what was once a great manor house and the barn-owls which we keep in a half-tame condition in the outbuildings. The wood-owls appear to enjoy themselves very much round the farm. Often in the still night I lie awake and listen to their endless hooting as they quarter the lawn and the garden and the meadow, where no doubt they find field-mice, as well as those that have been expatriated from the house. When the moon is up one can watch their operations from the window, and anyone who kept vigil with me on such an occasion would recognise once and for ever that the owl is one of man's most valuable friends.—G.

A NEW TEMPLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—During the present year a bird—a member of the crow tribe—has been in the habit of visiting the Temple Gardens, usually early on Sunday mornings, and cawing dismal from the top of one of the trees. In the spring it was accompanied by a mate. What I should like to know is whether it is a crow, a rook or a raven? It is quite black, beak and all. Anyway, it is pleasant to welcome it within the precincts of the City of London.—KING'S BENCH WALK.

PRESERVING EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers, many of whom no doubt keep fowls, to learn of a way of preserving eggs which, although really successful, is not very generally known in England. In Dalmatia, the country where I was born, the method was to take the eggs the day they were laid, and after dating

them in pencil, to boil them for one minute and a-half, and then to store them in a cool, dry place. They will thus keep fresh for many months, and when required should be placed in cold water, which is then brought to the boiling point. They are naturally used in the order in which they are dated. We all know what an advantage it is to keep eggs as long as possible from passing through the various stages known to the grocer as new-laid eggs, breakfast eggs, cooking eggs and what he lastly merely describes as "eggs," no doubt wisely feeling that the less said about them the better! If the above directions be followed, it will be seen that not a great amount of trouble is required to keep the eggs in the first rather than in the last class.—ALBERT VISRTTI

FERRETS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I entirely corroborate the letter of "Fleur-de-lys" on the subject of "Ferrets as Pets." I possessed two who were thoroughly domesticated and followed me all over the house and garden, slept in my work-basket or on my knee, and were both intelligent and affectionate. It was with deep regret that I at last parted from them owing to the entreaties of my friends, who were never reconciled to the sudden apparition of a large ferret in the drawing-room. They are somewhat difficult to tame in the

first place, but quite repay a little patience. The most serious objection is the perfume exhaling from them!—ELEANOR MEYNELL.

CATS WITH ODD-COLOURED EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just seen in COUNTRY LIFE of November 7th a letter from "F. W. H." about a white cat with "odd-coloured eyes." I remember some ordinary white cats in Huntingdonshire that had white kittens with "odd" eyes, one blue and one green. Sometimes a kitten would have two blue eyes, and then it was perfectly deaf, whereas those with odd-coloured eyes heard perfectly. It would be interesting to know whether anyone else has noticed anything of the kind among white cats.

When they have pink eyes their sight is weak, but the blue and blue and green eyes seem all right as regards their vision.—W.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Referring to the letter of "F. W. H." in your issue of November 7th, one of my sisters had a white Persian cat which had a blue eye and a yellow eye. Strange to say, that cat was stone deaf. I also know a white short-haired cat which has one blue and one yellow eye.—B.

SUGGESTED CURE FOR RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some years ago I read in a magazine that chloride of lime had been used effectively to drive rats out of a ship, and I should be very interested to know were it to answer in clearing them off "N.'s" premises. Will "N." try it in his stables and outbuildings first, and then perhaps the rats would come no further. I would suggest putting some chloride of lime in tin boxes (minus the lid) in the most frequented rat-holes. Stir it up daily, and add fresh lime, or renew the whole, so as to keep the smell strong for some time. The lime can be washed down a sink when it has lost its odour and the boxes destroyed. I doubt if anything would eat that lime.—A.



